

*Bremont* *132c*  
**THE  
PILGRIM.**

A pleasant piece of  
**GALLANTRY:**

Written in *French*

By **M. S. BREMOND.**

Translated into *English*

By **P. B. ELON. Gent.**



**LONDON,** Printed for *R. Bentley,*  
and *M. Magnes,* in *Russel-street* in *Co-*  
*vent-Garden,* near the *Piazza's.* 1680.

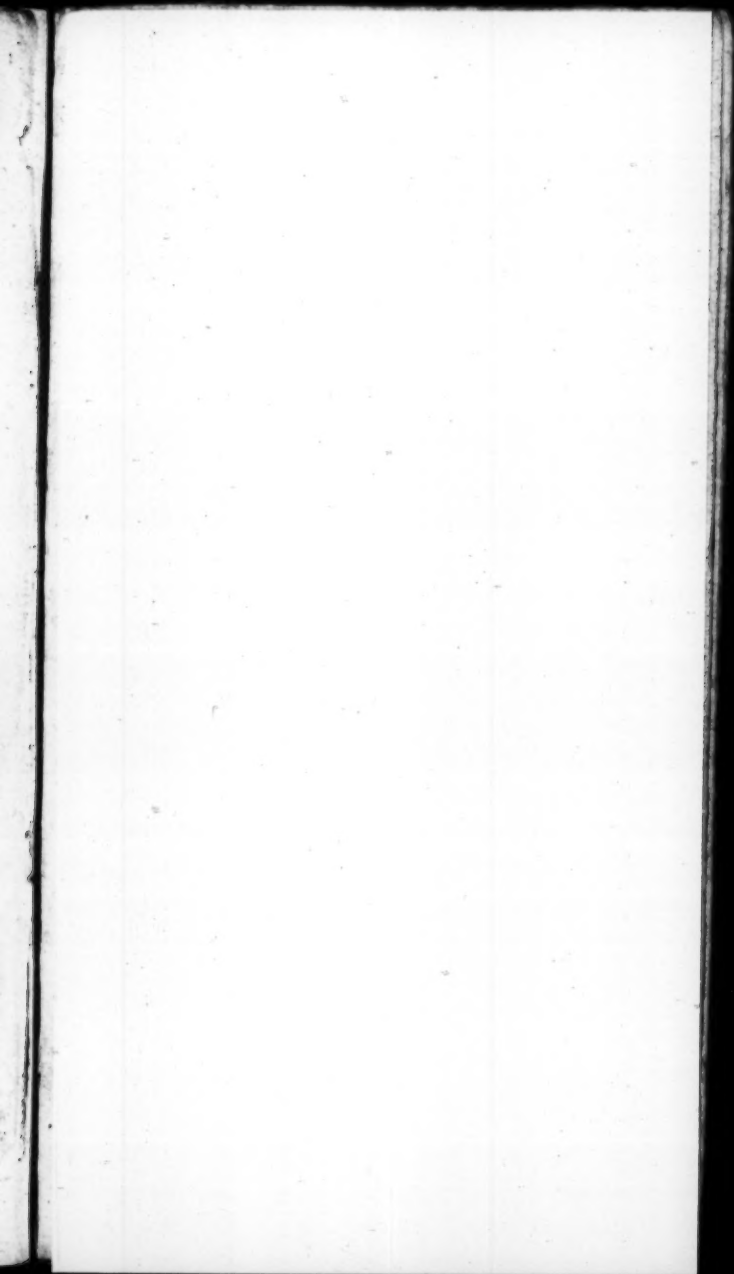
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The  
*PILGRIM*  
a Novel



London,  
*Printed for R: Bentley and  
M: Magnes in Couent-Garden.*





# THE PILGRIM

A pleasant piece of

GALLIANT R.

Written in French

By M. S. B. R. E. M. O. D.

*W. S. B. R. E. M. O. D.*



LONDON, Printed for R. Bland,  
and M. W. Jones, in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1733.

~~The English Idiom~~  
~~now in use to apply in blun-~~  
To her GRACE the Dutchesse  
of ALBERMARLE, &c.

~~Wishes of Your Graces generous~~  
May it please Your Grace.

**W**hen dejected Spirits  
lye groaning under  
the heavy pressure  
of Affliction, they  
address their Vows unto a Su-  
preme Being; likewise in every  
small Reverse of Fortune, Self-pre-  
servation has instructed man to fly  
unto those Powers on Earth, as are  
endowed by the Celestial Influences  
with requisite Qualities for the pro-  
tection of the afflicted.

Your Grace having been ordain-  
ed and fitted by Heaven for that  
Employ on Earth, in so vast a mea-  
sure as has spread your Fame over  
the whole Universe; it is nowon-  
der, Madam, If Camille has been  
diligent in attaining to such a pro-  
portion of the English Idiom, as

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

would fit him to appear in your Princely Presence, with more Reverence, and to shroud himself with greater Respect, under the Wings of Your Graces generous Protection.

This Roman Gentleman, Madam, though concealed under the formal Weeds of a Modern Knight-Errants seeming Sanctity, is a Libertine by Profession, and of the very first rank in Licentiousness, who approaches full of confidence, that the bare reflection of Your Graces Perfections is more than sufficient to work a thorough reformation in him.

The whole World is of Opinion that it is with the greatest force of reason imaginable, that this gallant Pilgrim builds on this bottom. For what greater motives to Virtue can there be derived from Humane Nature, Madam, than that exemplary life which Your Grace does steer with such exactness through the tempestuous

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

tempestuous Seas of this World, without touching on the two dangerous Rocks of Superstition, or of Religious Contempt.

Here, Madam, I should attempt to numerate Your Graces Virtues, If I would have this Dedication *a-la-mode*, but besides that I know they are not to be comprehended within the inconsiderate limits of an Epistle; I cannot be guilty of such an Error, Madam, so long as I know with what disgust Your Grace receives vulgar Applause while with Justice you expect your Reward from above, where Angels only celebrate your Praises, and write your Fame on the vast Tables of Eternity. I shall rest contented in giving Your Grace an hours-Divertisement in the lively portrait of a *Spanish-Jacobin Fryar*, and Father Confessor, of a considerable standing; persons whose Principal Employes are so worldly, that their Religious Habit and Profession, are

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

but the specious pretences, under which those Ghostly Fathers, with singular industry, and admirable Experience do exercise a most gainful Traffick in Humane Flesh.

If I am even so happy, Madam, as to have given Your Grace some moments of Recreation; I have my ends. In those hopes I take the boldness to subscribe my self,

*May it please Your Grace,*

*Your Grace's most. Humble*

*and most Obedient Servant,*

**P. BELON**

**A**

# A Word of Advice to the R E A D E R.

**T**His Word of Advice would not be necessary, if I had to do only with rational and indulgent Readers, but when once a man has delivered himself up to the Publick in this manner, he is apt to fall into the hands of such persons as will give no quarter. For my part I have feared, lest some persons should scandalize themselves with the Reverend Father Andrew's Character. I could send those Censors to Boeace, to Ariosto, and to divers other famous Authors, who in their Railleries have treated those good Fathers somewhat worse than I have, if speaking truth of them is treating of them ill. But peradventure those examples will not be sufficient to justify me, and Baronius, who spares them not, no more than Plautus, in some certain Affairs somewhat of a more scandalous nature than those of being serviceable to ones Neighbour on the account of Amorous Intrigues, would appear.

## A Word of Advice

more excusable to them than I; only because that these rebuke them for their Crimes, while that I do but laugh at them. But with the good leave of those Gentlemen, that are so apt to be scandalized, I will say, that there is sometime made a greater impression of the horror of Vice in dexterously scoffing at it, than in down right railing after it. However I am very certain that by what I say of Father Andrew, no Monk will have a mind to imitate him. But these are not yet the best Reasons that I prepare for my defence, It is upon the Custom of the Country which I mention, that I retrench my self; where the right of serving Amorous Intrigues is so common to those pious Confraters, that who says a Monk, speaks a confident; and there is no person that has been in Spain but is convinced of this truth. I could say the same of Italy, and, it may be, of France also, but it is dangerous to draw so many persons all at once upon ones back; I am satisfied with speaking of those of Spain, who counting it a particular honour to be skilful in that point, I am perswaded, will not take it ill at my hands; at the worst the business is not so great; and let me tell you, that if Posterity had nothing in this age but that disorder to pardon, it would not pass for one of the

the



## To the Reader

the most corrupt. *Humane Nature*, with growing old, becomes so weak, that of necessity many of her small Crimes, which the Spaniards call *Peccadillo's*, must be winked at. It would be too great a task to reform all; and such a Censurer may here find fault with me, who will have more need of indulgency for himself, than I now crave from him. Thus I beg their favour for my Father Andrew, and in my turn, I shall afford them the same Courtesie, when all comes to all, let them be scandalized that will, for my part I will not undertake to redress those persons, whose Brains are like their Necks. It suffices me to believe that there will be found some modest persons that will laugh with me at what I have done merely to cause laughter; I fear not that *Venom* which is only shed upon Books, and I am certain that there will be none strong enough to spoil that jovial humour, that my mirth may infuse into those that know what 'tis to rally.

It is not given to all the world to know how to relish Salt and Pepper, no more than how to use them aright. What would a *Melancholick Brain* say, if he should read this place of *Ariosto*, where a certain Hermit,

Cha-

A Word of Advice, &c.

Chavea longa labarba a Mezzo il petto  
Devoto é venerabile d'aspetto  
Dagli anni é dalgiuno attenuato, &c.

*After he has conducted the brauteous Angelica into a desolate place, where he had her at his will, he set himself, says the Author, to console her with some devout Orisons.*

Epon Laudaci man mentre che parla  
Orper loseno Orper l'umide gotte  
Poi piu sicuro vaper abbracciarla, &c.

*I will not pursue the Adventure any further; But what will the scrupulous Reader say, when he will know that it makes a part of a Book which has been dedicated to one of the first Cardinals of Rome. I will leave him with that Reflection, to come to my Pilgrim.*

*It is not given to all the world to know how to write such and such a Paper, no more than how to use them right. What would a Wise Man say if he should read this place of Aristotle, where a certain Hermit,*

THE  
Pilgrim.

A  
NOVEL.



Ince that the Spirit of  
Devotion has Sei-  
sed on the Knights-  
Errants of this Age,  
there is scarce any  
thing else seen in  
the World. Of truth their Equi-  
page is somewhat different from  
that which their predecessors for-  
merly had; for inlieu of a Lance  
and a Helmet, which they did  
B wear

wear in those days, now they have a Palmers-Staff, a Hat trim'd with Cockel-shells, and I know not what kind of Rocket; instead of a back and breast, which indeed are not Iron and Lead proof; but then they do not fatigue so much their bearer, as those Enchanted Armours formerly did. That which they have retained of their ancient Custome, which devotion it self could not perswade them to alter, is a little Miss, which still sticks close to them, and for whose sake sometime the *Palmer's* staff does Wagg, as the Lance did formerly. In short, what difference soever there is betwixt that kind of life, which they lead now a-days in their Foot-Travels, and that formerly when they were continually bestriding their Palfreys, all things well consider'd, it may be said that each condition hath its agreements and its Troubles, its sweets as well as its labours.

For

For when all is said, it was no small Toil to have so many Lances to break, and so many Enchantments to put to an end. You doubtless may have read, how that when they were to pass over a Bridge, or to get into a Castle, there still was some *Giant* or other to Combat, or some Monster to overcome; but in these times, as things are now ordered, all this is done with a Song.

*No Maid though, near so stout,  
these latter years,*

*But becomes tame, when Palmer-  
staff appears:*

*Nor Buxom Hostess, but will wish  
and long,  
when once she hears a Folly Pilgrim's  
Song.*

Adventure for adventure, it is certain that these new Knights condition is well worth that of the Knights in former times. At least-wile it was made Choice of, by a person of a very good gusto,

whom the leaness of the Purse, or the excess of Devotion did not oblige to ramble up and down the World under that Figure. This poor *Pilgrim* had but Fifty or Sixty Thousand Livers yearly Revenue; but here is the real cause of his vocation.

*Rome*, formerly so renowned, has not degenerated of late so much in persons of Wit, as in many other respects. It cannot be denyed, but that the ways they now have taken unto tend somewhat more towards evil than formerly, and that though it still is the place in which the Sanctity of the earth does reside, it is no less a source of debauchery.

There has always been found in it divers Accademies of great Wits, but in our time none has made so much noise as that which was call'd, of the Libertines; not only by reason of those bold discourses which were held in it; but for those  
terrible

terrible *Satyr*s which it sent forth against all persons without exception. The Holy Father, to whose feet the first complaints against it were humbly laid down, by those persons that were concern'd in those Truths which those *Accademicks* did publish, was obliged to send forth divers Thundering Excommunications against this Society. But they being but little daunted at the *Vaticans* Armes, did but laugh and scoff at the Pope's just indignation; bringing him and the Cardinals also into play, which is the only Crime, that is not to be forgiven in *Rome*. Therefore it was no longer Saint *Peter* that Armed himself with Thunderbolts for their destruction, but Saint *Paul*, who with the Sword in hand, made a pursuit after those impious persons. There never was seen so many sorts of persons combined together, as there was then, to destroy those Libertines: Ser-

jeants, Watch-men, Guards, Soldiers, *Monks*, Prelates, both on foot and on Horse-back, all were under Armes, and one would really have taken it for a Crusado.

There were but few persons in *Rome* that had not some share in their *Satyrs*, and half the City was already providing Faggots for them, so that it was High time to sound the retreat: Every one got away as well as he could, some disguis'd after one manner, and some after another. Our *Hero*, who was one of the most eminent amongst them, hid himself under the Habit of a *Pilgrim*; with which having got, without any Retinue, to *Civita Vecchia*, he took a *Felouqua*, that carried him to *Genova*.

His design was for *France*; but the opportunity of a Gally, which was going to put off for *Barcelona*, where it was carrying a *Spanish* Lord,



Lord, General Master *de* Camp, of the *Cavalry* of the state of *Mil-lan*, having made him Change his resolution, he enbarqued to make the same voyage upon it.

There was a great number of Passengers on that Gally; and our *Pilgrim*, who besides the trouble of the Crowd, was not willing to be known, being yet so near *Italy*, did accost the Captain, and with a Complement of few words he slid into his hand a Role of Pistols, to make him understand by his liberality, and his good meen, that he was no common *Pilgrim*. The Captain therefore treated him according as his Complement, and his good meen did deserve: for he gave him his own Cabin, which was joyning to that of the Spanish *Don*, and caus'd him to be serv'd by two Slaves during the whole voyage

The Wind was as favourable as could be, and they had not so

soon Hoised Sails, but they lost the sight of *Genova*. Prudence would not yet allow our *Pilgrim* to be much seen, though they were already well off at Sea. He therefore resolv'd, not to stir forth out of his Chamber, till he were arriv'd at *Barcelona*, and to divert himself in the mean time in reading of books. This was an agreeable employment to him, but it lasted not long; for the very next day, his reading was interrupted by the Charming voice of a Woman that was in the General's Chamber. He lent an Ear, and understood that she sung some *Italian Aires*. His Curiosity did each moment increase, and being Charm'd with the sweetness of the voice, he would willingly have seen that person. He visited and search'd the partition of the Cabin from one end to the other, to find out some Chink, but the boards were so well Joynted, that it was labour in vain.

no. 1

In fine,

In fine, at night when the Captain, who us'd to eat with him, was come to see him, and to sup; he set him on a discourse concerning the Spanish *Don*, and having particularly made inquiry concerning his Retinue and Family, he learn'd, that it was the Marquess of *L.* lately married at *Milan*, where he had espoused the Daughter of the Count *N.* one of the most Charming Persons in all *Italy*, of whom he was so jealous, that there was but two old women that serv'd her, that had the liberty of entring her Chamber; neither would he have her to be seen by any of his own servants. *Camille*, so was the *Pilgrim* nam'd, did on a suddain fall into a profound silence, seriously reflecting on what the Captain did tell him, not doubting but that the voice that had Charm'd him did belong to the beautiful Marchioness. This made him more earnest than ever to see her, and he was

B 5      already

already almost fallen in Love; he did eat little or nothing, during that meal, and dyed with impatience to have the Captain gone, that he might, when alone, make a new search after some means to pry in to that Chamber. The very Idea which he did frame to himself of that beautiful Lady, upon the Captain's words, did inflame him with love, and the Jealousie of the Husband, which did detain her in that Captivity, did already inspire him with such designs, as did flatter him with some hopes of a good fortune. The Captain being at last gone, he shuts the Cabin door, and with the Candle in his hand, searches and examines every board one after another, above, beneath, on the right, on the left, all over, but no hopes. He Torments himself, sweats, sighs, and almost in despair, he would endeavour to make some hole, with an Iron he had found, when fortune guided his eyes

eyes upon a knot in a board, which did answer just upon the Ladies bed, and that could be got out without much difficulty. Never was joy comparable to his, he presently peeps through the hole, and sees the most beautiful woman that ever was in the World, in a most Magnificent undress, who was at her Toylet undressing her self for bed. He could not see her but of one side, and the hole being but small, he could but imperfectly discern such Features, as were of power to have enchanted a man much less prepossess'd than he was: but he did see enough to accomplish his bondage, and yet think himself the happiest man in all the World. Nothing on earth could have drawn him from thence; and he us'd no other Caution than the putting out of his Candle, for fear of being discovered, and was preparing himself, for a most Charming pleasure at her going in bed, when fickle fortune,

fortune, who had been so favourable to him, did presently fill his heart with darkness; for the Marques being entred the Chamber, to go to bed, went and hung his Cloak (an Ornament which the Spanish Gravity will not allow to be quitted but rarely) upon that very place, where was the little peep-hole; a most sorrowful vail unto the Amorous *Camille* which caus'd a sad Eclipse betwixt his heart, and that most Charming object. His sorrow is easy to be imagin'd, yet he left not his post, but making use of his Ears, where his eyes could not reach, he heard certain discourses, which did not please him less, than what he had seen; They were little Jarrs between the Husband and the wife, which did speak the ill understanding, that there was between them; The Ladies complaints against the rigorous proceedings of her Lord; and his reproaches on her Humour of

of Courtship. Our *Pilgrim* building on this bottom greater and fairer hopes than ever, he did pass the best part of the night, in framing to himself such Ideas, as afforded him as much content as would to others, every Charming reality: at last he must go to bed, for there had not been any noise heard in the Chamber of two hours: but how can a person sleep, that has his mind fill'd with what he had beheld that day? and what he did hope to see the next morning, if fortune would have it, that the Jealous Husband should rise before the Lady, and take the envious Cloak along with him? That which troubled him most was the wind, which still continuing favourable, would not let him long enjoy this Happiness: For it was probable that with such a wind they would arrive the next day at *Barcelona*, which would put an end to his adventure, except love, who is pleas'd

pleas'd with extraordinary things, should favour him with some turn of fortune, of which he durst not much flatter himself. The best part of the night he spent in thoughts, and yet in his opinion pass'd it well, though he had had no sleep. So soon as he did see day appear, he arose, but it was somewhat too early yet for persons that had no such disquiet as he had in his mind. He fitted the knot to its hole, and had the patience to waite a great while, incessantly hearkning with a strange anguish of mind, whether the Marques's was not stirring, which unfortunately to him did not rise so soon that day, as he us'd to do; and when up, he walked in his Chamber till he was advertis'd, that they were in sight of *Palamos*. Then out he went in his Spanish *decorum* to behold that City. His Lady who was yet in bed, and who had the same Curiosity, got out of it in a pretty kind of disorder,



der, to run to the window. Then it was that our good *Pilgrim* had that happy sight which he had so much desired, for in that haste in which the Lady had risen, she shew'd him such things as were able to inchant the Gods. He was not contented with this, but Transported with ardor and love, he also went to his Chamber window, which was very near unto that in which the Marchioness was ; and but half shewing himself, lest any one else should see him, he made her a Reverence much more amorous than profound, looking on her with Eyes that did speak some part of those things which he felt in his Soul. The beautiful Marchioness (who according to the genius of the Italian Ladies, was very expert in that Language) was at first surpriz'd to see so near her a man with so good a meen ; but after she had look'd about, to see if any body did observe her, she did

did very obligingly answer his Salute. Our amorous *Pilgrim* would gladly have had this Language of the eyes changed, into an entertainment of the mouth, but it was too much to be fear'd, that they would have been heard. And the Lady who did fear to be surpriz'd by her Guardians, or Husband, durst not make any longer stay at the window. *Camille* who did follow her every where with his eyes and heart, did retire presently also to his former port, where he did behold the Marchioness, who was got to bed again, who not imagining, to be observ'd, lay in such a posture, by reason of the great heat of the season, as was capable to kill a man with love. Neck, Breast, Arms, Feet, Legs, in fine, all the most beautiful and Charming things in the World, were expos'd at the mercy of our *Pilgrim's* eyes, who at this sight did quickly lose the rest of his liberty.

Presently

Presently after, her women came in to dress her, and *Camille*, who had received as much as he wanted, retired, for fear that amongst so many eyes there might be some, that might light accidentally upon his peep-hole, which would spoil all. Imagining also, that in so great a bustle of Women he should have but an imperfect view of the Lady.

Never any man so pleas'd as he, if his good fortune had lasted but some time longer; but they still approached nearer *Barcelona*, and consequently of that moment, which was to part them, and that would peradventure, make him lose forever the sight of what he so passionately loved: Good Gods! would he frequently cry out sighing, some blasts of a contrary Wind! His prayers were not heard; time prest upon them, and finally there must be a resolution taken to speak out some way, whereby he might be understood,

stood; he found some paper, pen and ink, and without further delay, he wrote some Italian Verses to this purpose.

*When by a too Rigorous Fate,  
Most beauteous Lady, your curst mate  
Shall force you, through his jealous  
Rage,*

*To free your self; I dare engage,  
By a certain am'rous Art,  
When just y'are ready to depart,  
To have a Pilgrim wait at hand,  
In Obedience t' your command.*

Having finish'd his Verses, he waited till he saw no body in the Ladies Chamber, and having rolled up the paper, he put it through the hole, which being just in the Ladies sight, could not fail of drawing her eyes upon it. She was at first surpriz'd at the Novelty thereof, which caus'd her to blush extremely, not doubting but it was exposed there by that Cavalier which she

she had seen at the window, & whose good meen had raised in her a great Curiosity to know what he was: but when she reflected on those advantages, which he might have made use of by the means of that hole, during the freedom which she had taken all the time that she had been in that Cabin, it wanted but little, that an Anger mixed with bashfulness, did not produce some kind of hatred against a man, of whom she had so little knowledge. She was strangely busied in her thoughts, and knew not what to resolve; meantime the paper which she saw to wag continually, giving her an extreme desire to see what it might be, and fearing on the other hand that some body would come into the Cabin, her anger and scruples were forc'd to give place to her Curiosity; she approached, took the Note, looked through the hole, and did see a *Pilgrim*, whose good meen did somewhat appease her; she  
presently

presently withdrew, and having seated her self again upon her bed, she unfolded the paper with a mind strangely taken up with this adventure. In such a condition as she was at that time, evil-treated by an Husband, which she had never lov'd, and who prepar'd himself to make her suffer new afflictions in a Country, where women are yet greater slaves than in that, from whence she came, nothing could be offered, that could bring her more content, than that which the *Pilgrim* did write. Till then she had not been a moment without wishing, that the Vessel might split upon the Coast, or that it might fall into the hands of the *Turk*, rather than arrive in *Spain*; and never ceased her Tears, since she had seen Land. And yet when the heavens grant her her desires in a more favourable manner than she had required, and when she dispar'd of making Ship-

shipwrack, or falling into the *Pirates* hands; being almost at the Gates of *Bancelana*, she tremblingly looks upon the succour which is offer'd her, she staggers in her resolution, she loses her Courage, and fears to imploy a man, that has nothing in his person, but what assures, and gives her to understand, that he is a gallant person. Of truth she was not long in those irresolutions, having cast her sight upon *Spain*, and made some reflections upon the unhappy life, which she was going to lead there, she presently resolv'd to give her self up to the Conduct of a person, that seemed to be sent to her by the heavens to that purpose. She would willingly have signify'd so much to him; but it was long since all that belong'd to writing was forbid her, & one of her women being come into her Cabin, neither could she come near unto the little hole, in which seeing the generous *Pilgrim's* eye to glitter, she

she contented her self in giving him to understand, with such signs as the *Italians* are very expert in, that she did very much like and approve of the tender of his services, and that he should not be unhappy, if he could take her out of that deplorable condition to which she was reduced. At last *Garnille*, who stood most attentively examining even the very least twinckling of an eye, did interpret it after this manner; and it may be imagined, that the *Pilgrim's* apprehension might very well reach as far, as the *Ladies* dumb discourse. Never was lover so pleas'd with himself as he. He would not have Chang'd his fortune for a Monarch's Diadem, no, not for the Pope's Triple Crown. The least look, a kind gesture, or some favourable sign, did afford him more content, than the whole Empire of the World would give unto the most Ambitious of Kings.

This



This pretty sport lasted till they were ready to enter into the Port of *Barcelona*, when the Lady, being left a moment alone, drew near unto him, and told him in a low voice, that she had apprehended what he had writ, that she believ'd him a man of Honourable Principles, and even something more than what he appear'd to be under that *Pilgrim's* Habit; and that if he could deliver her from the Tyranny of a Jealous Husband, and were a person that would receive some recompence for so great a service, she did assure him, that he should have cause to be satisfied, for having perform'd so generous an Action. And not giving him time to reply, fearing incessantly to be surpriz'd, she desired him to find out some means, by which she might write or speak to him, when arrived at *Barcelona*, and ending with these words, she put through the hole one of her fingers, on which she had a very fair Diamond,

Diamond, with which she would have presented him; but *Camille* having kissed a thousand times that delicate finger, did not think of taking the Ring: so that she let it fall exprefly. But the *Pilgrim* was fo transported with love and pleasure, that he took no notice of it: And the Marquess being juft come in to tell his wife, that it was time to prepare her self to Land, she withdrew, to *Camille's* great sorrow, who some moments after went out of his Chamber, to behold the beautiful Marshioness, and to be seen by her.

Our *Pilgrim* who had not appear'd during all the Voyage, and had embarked himself in the night time, did surprize every body at his appearance upon the deck; every one guessing by his aire, his gate, and those Acoutrements which he had under his *Pilgrim's* weeds, that he was nothing less than what he appeared to be. The Marquess and his Lady,

Lady, who came forth of their Cabin a moment after, found him upon the Deck leaning on his staff, holding his Hat with shells, under his Arme, in a certain Posture as did presently draw their eyes upon him, though with different thoughts. The Marchioness had a Manto upon her head after the *Spanish* fashion; which did cover her whole face: so that *Camille* had but the pleasure of admiring her fine shape, and the Charming Aire of her whole composure; and that too by stealth, for fear of creating new Jealousies in the Husband, who had his eyes incessantly fixed upon him, beholding him, as a bird of evil presage; for he was of opinion, that the whole world had a mind to his Wife. At last he came near unto him, and made him some questions, to find if he were not deceived in his distrust. As they were discoursing together, and that the *Spanish* Don's fears did still increase more and more, to hear a Pil-

*grim* reason with so much wit, as this did appear to have ; the Captain of the Vessel came up to *Camille*, and with a Reverence that did out-pass what was due to an ordinary *Pilgrim*, he asked him if he had not lost a Ring, shewing him at the same time, that which the Marchioness had let fall from her finger, and told him that he had just then found it in his Chamber ; *Camille*, who had not the least thought of the favour, which the Marchioness had intended him, answer'd him, no, and that it did not belong unto him : but the Marquess having presently known it, did most terribly blush ; and God knows with what fury his Soul was instantly possess'd ! yet he dissembled all, and chose rather to lose the Ring, than to divulge his shame, in owning it to be his Wives. He left the unfortunate *Pilgrim*, for presently his first suspicions had fallen on him again, and retiring into his Chamber, caused the Marchioness to be call'd,

call'd, with such a cold Air, as did disguise the rage and violence of divers passions, which then possessed him: he enquired of her, what she had done with her Diamond. The poor distressed Lady, more pale than death, fearing that she had been betray'd by the *Pilgrim*, answer'd him in a stammering voice, that she believ'd she had lost it. Then did the Jealous Husband, giving a full vent unto his fury, let himself be carried away to such violent actions as were very unworthy a person of his quality. *Camille* who knew not the reason, why the Marquess and his Lady were retired, strange surpriz'd at the noise he heard, run to his Cabbin to learn what might be the occasion: there he beheld the lovely Marchioness leaning upon her bed, and her unworthy Husband, in a great fury, walking in the room, and giving her all manner of ill Language. Nothing could more grieve his Soul, than that sad Specta-

cle: he was a thousand times in a resolution to go in to them, to Revenge such Tears as did rend his heart in pieces, the which to prevent he would have given his life. Nothing but the consideration of the loss of the Marchioness, which he foresaw would be infallible, if he should proceed so far in his resentments, did prevent him. He would gladly have known the cause of this quarrel, not believing that he had given any such occasion to the Marquess, who being somewhat more cool, was going to inform him of all things, by those reproaches that he had begun to make to his wife: when he had notice given him, that the Governour of *Barcelona*, who was his near Kinsman, was coming in person to receive him, and that his Skiff was already got near to the vessel; upon which, laying aside the rest of his anger against some other time, he left his wife in the Cabbin, that she might have some time to  
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recollect her self, and went forth to meet the Governour. The desolate Marchioness in this affliction, greater than can be express'd, for having been thus villainously betray'd by a person, for whom she had at first sight conceived a great esteem, was framing within her self most strong resolutions, never more to confide so lightly in persons that she did not know, and as she was going forth she espy'd the *Pilgrim* looking through the hole. Ah! Traytor, said she to him, did I present you with that Diamond, but to ruine me by it? go, I shall be revenged if I can; and without staying for an answer, she followed her Husband. *Camille*, who was afflicted even to death, to be call'd Traytor, by that person that he would have least betray'd of all the world, was a while like a man possess'd with sorrow, despair, and amazement. Traytor! Traytor! did he repeat twice or thrice over, what Treason can I have committed

against her? I that have not known her but one day, and that would sacrifice a thousand lives to do her service. With this he let himself drop upon a Bench, and reflecting on that which the Marchioness had reproached him concerning a Diamond, and then on the Ring which the Captain would have given him before the Marques, believing that it was his; it came in his mind, that he had seen such a one on the Marchioness's finger, and thus little by little unravelling this cruel Mystery, he easily did perceive that he was the only cause of all that evil. In what despair did he fall on the sudden? but not to lose time in superfluous exclamations, he went to the Captain, and did engage him to return him that Ring; then presently running to the other end of the ship, he found that the Governour was newly arriv'd, and that he was embracing with the Marques. He takes the opportunity of those Ceremonies,



remories, to restore to the Marchioness her Ring, but as he approaches her she flies, and thus they both went round the deck. *Camille*, who perceiv'd this her disdain, was forc'd at last to shew her the Diamond, to let her know it was to restore it that he would approach her. But the Marchioness did understand it otherwise, and believing that this *Pilgrim* was of intelligence with her Husband, who doubtless had given him that Ring as a reward of his Treachery, she imagin'd that he sought how to bring her into further trouble: She was also cruelly vexed, that he had the confidence to shew it her, as glorying in it; and raising her Manto a little, she look'd upon him with the eyes of a woman that was infinitely angry at his insolency. At which our unhappy lover, apprehending that she would not receive it, stood still looking upon her, with a sad and afflicted countenance, which was the only

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thing capable of justifying him, at that present. But when the heart is prepossessed with any thing, the impression of it is not so soon wiped off. The Marchioness could not see any thing in this business: but what did accuse the *Pilgrim* of a most palpable Treason, or at least of an indiscretion, of which a person as he seemed to be in her eyes, was not capable of: yet she could not but feel something within her self, which seemed to speak him less guilty than he appear'd; and yet knew not why, and she was troubled, that so accomplish'd a person, and who did appear to her so worthy, could submit to do so base an action.

Those Civilities at last being ended, which on such occasions are commonly somewhat long amongst *Spaniards*, the Marquess and his Lady enter'd into the Governours Boat, to go to shoar. And *Camille* in that of the Captains, which he gave him, and which he made to follow

follow close that of the Governours. They arrived almost at the same time upon the Mole, where they met with the Governours Lady, accompanied with divers Ladies and Gentlemen of the Country, who waited for the Marchioness to Complement her; *Camille* would gladly have found out some means to speak a word to her in the crowd, before he should be wholly deprived of the sight of her; but there was no likelihood of approaching her in the dress he was in, especially in such a Concourse. He did see her take Coach, with the other Ladies, and having follow'd them to the Palace, where the Marquess was to reside with the Governour, he went to seek out some Lodgings for himself.

He passed the whole night in sighs and regrets, the ordinary comfort of desolate Lovers, seeking within his mind after something that might make his in-

nocency appear to the Object of his love, and justifie himself of a Crime which he would not have committed against the last of Women. He durst not hope for so much Happiness as to speak to her, imagining that in the opinion she had of him, she would not make one step towards it? but he did not believe it wholly impossible, that by contriving intreagues upon intreagues, he might get a Letter safely deliver'd to her. He knew that in those kind of things, the surest way was to act Personally; and not trust to others. Therefore he try'd whether, with a little good management of his own, and without any other assistance, he could compass this business. In *Spain*, as in *Italy*, the Churches are the chiefeft places where lovers repair to seek their Mistresses: and thus abusing of those things, which are most holy, they go to commit great Crimes, in places that are appointed where to ask

ask pardon for committing them. *Camille*, who was not ignorant of the Spanish Bigotry, did imagine that the Marquess would not fail to go with his Wife that morning to hear Mass, to give God thanks for their happy Voyage, and that it would be a fit place to deliver her a Note, if fortune or love would never so little favour his design. This resolution being taken, he intreated his Host, who was an *Italian*, to get him conducted by some Person to the Chappel of the Palace, if there was any, or to that Church, which the Governour was us'd to frequent, he was serv'd as he desired, and brought to the Palace, where he did see a most sumptuous Chappel, and in it the Governour's Wife, who was hearing Mass, and who seeing him enter, was much surpriz'd with his good meen, such as was not very ordinarily found in *Pilgrims*: But the Marquess and his Lady had passed the

the night too ill to rise so early : There had been nothing but reproaches, complaints, menaces, and quarrels between them, which having lasted almost till day, were followed on both sides with hatred, and heart-burnings, which had kept them long from sleep. The Marquess, and reason good, would be satisfy'd how his Wife had convey'd that Diamond into that Chamber where the Captain had found it, and what she intended by it : Whether it was not for that *Pilgrim*, who she doubtless did know, and who did follow her under that disguise. The Lady finding that he was no better inform'd of the business, took Courage, stood upon her defence, cry'd out, spoke, and threatned, as loud as her Husband. The only regret she had was for having treated so severely that *Pilgrim*, whom she believ'd was not so guilty as she had thought him, and who had exprest a design to serve her

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her in a handsome manner ; not that she did wholly excuse his imprudence in letting that Ring be seen by her Husband, but she did believe that there might be some ill fortune in it, but no ill design ; and thereupon did chide her self for having so soon condemned a person who had so generously offer'd himself to free her from that miserable condition she liv'd in, not thinking ever to find again so fair an occasion, for she hardly had any hopes of ever seeing him more, after such a piece of Injustice as she had done him.

The Night being pass'd in this manner, they did not rise, but just to sit at Table ; where the Governour & his Lady did wait for them to dine : The Company had scarce begun to eat, when *Donna Barbara d' Ayamon-*te, so was named the Governour's Wife, did begin a Discourse of a young Pilgrim which she had seen at Mals, there being no quality in his Person that she had not taken  
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special notice of, and did not praise extremely; further saying, being of a more free humour than the Custom of the Country did commonly allow, that she had very much wished he had approached nearer her, that she might have asked him of what Country he was, not doubting but that there were some considerable Adventure in that kind of life, that a man so well made as he was did lead about the World, under the notion of a Pilgrim. The Vice-Roy, who was very gallant, and who having not the Disease incident to *Spanish* Husbands, had always given a modest liberty unto his Wife, who began not to be altogether so young, and had never been over handsome, did play upon her very much about the Pilgrim, and set all the Company in a good humour, except the Marquess, who at the very name of Pilgrim had taken upon him a Melancholly Meen, not doubting but it was the very

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Blade who had been to seek after his Wife in that Chappel. He was almost stark mad to see his Wife well-pleas'd with what the Governour did say, and he look'd upon her as if he would devour her with his Eyes: The Marchioness, who did observe all those Grimaces, did not much concern her self with them, on the contrary she did laugh at them more and more, being certain that what *Donna Barbara* said, to that Pilgrim's advantage, did give the Marques as much of trouble as it afforded her of pleasure.

*Camille* was at the Chappel the next morning again, but as unsuccessful as the first time, not finding there what he sought after. *Donna Barbara*, who had extremely desired to see him once more, did no sooner cast her Eyes upon him, but she shew'd him unto the Governour, who had so much complaisance for his VVife, as to have him call'd so soon as Mass was ended. The Governour

vernour made him divers Questions, to which he answer'd with so good a grace, and so much wit, that he was much taken with him as well as his VVife. He bid him come and see him, and that in the condition he was, if he wanted any thing he might have recourse unto him. After the Pilgrim had given him to understand that he was above want, he thank'd him for the favour he did him in giving him leave to wait upon him, of which he would make use ; after this he retir'd, giving them sufficiently to understand by all that he had said, as well as by his carriage, and the fine air of his Person, that he understood Courtship, even after the best manner. The Governour was much pleas'd at it, and did no sooner see the Marquess and his Lady, but he mention'd his Wives Pilgrim unto them, for so he call'd him, and promised likewise that they should see him. The Marquess, who had not yet taken  
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any notice that he knew him, did imagine that it would be needless to conceal his knowledge of him any longer, and almost dead for fear this Traytor should come to the Palace, if he used not some Stratagems to put it off; he drew aside the Governour, and told him, that he knew not of what Pilgrim he did speak, but that if it was a certain Rascal who was come in the same Vessel with him from *Genoua*, and conceal'd himself all the time that he had been at Sea, he did declare to him, that he was the most dangerous and most wicked person in all *Italy*; that he had known him upon the Vessel, and had spoken to him; that he was a *Bandite* of *Genoua*, who had been above a year Prisoner in the Castle of *Milan*, whence at last he had made his escape, after he had been convinc'd of having been employ'd as a Spye by the Enemies of that State: That doubtless he came into *Spain* upon some such like designs,  
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and that for his part, if he were in a place where he had any Authority, he would certainly secure him, and detain him in a Dungeon, till he had confessed what he came for into *Spain* under that disguise, or that at the least he would send him back to *Italy*. All this he spoke to him as an Advise of great consequence which he ought not to despise. The Governour did hearken to him with a great amazement, not being able to quit very easily the good Opinion which he had conceived for the Pilgrim, who appear'd to him nothing less than what the Marques would make him to be. *Might you not, my Lord,* said he twice unto him, *mistake your self? and do you know him well? for he qualifies himself a Roman, and I can assure you that he has not the accent of Genoua, and that a man who had so much wit as this seems to have, had not need to take upon him the Employ of a Spye. If he is so as you represent him,*

him, said the Marques, *it cannot be the same person; and I advise you once more,* continued he, raising of his Voice, *that you take good notice of him; for I know what he hath done in more than one place;* and upon that, to make good what he had said before, he invented two or three stories, such as his jealous humour did suggest unto him; unto which the Governour had much to do to give credit. Mean time, as he could not give a guess at the interest which did make the Marques speak this; he did believe it part of the duty of his Office, not wholly to neglect his advice; and after he had express'd how much he was obliged to him for it, he told him, that he believed that this Pilgrim would come to see him that day, that he would examine him, and then he should know what he had to do.

*Camille* who knew nothing of those good Services which were rendered him

him at the Palace, vvas transported vvith joy to have advanced his business so far vvith the Governour, as to be invited by him to give him a Visit, which would give him the most favourable access in the World at his Palace, vvhereby he might have the opportunity to see, perhaps to speak, or at least to vvrite unto the beautiful Marchioness. He already dyes with Impatience that the fit hour to render that Visit in is not come yet. At last he goes to the Palace, vvhere the Governour made him a no less gracious reception than he had done in the morning at the Chappel. He examines, he questions, and entertains him on divers things, and finds not the least sign in him of vvhat he vvvas accused; on the contrary a great Fond of Honour, the judgment of a person of Quality, and his Conversation so charming, that he vvvas amazed how the Marquesse could entertain such a thought of him, if this vvvas that person vvwhich  
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he had seen, and had entertain'd in discourse on the Ship. Mean time, the duty of his Charge, requiring that he should proceed further; after he had spoken during sometime of things in general, he came to particulars, and ask'd him by vway of raillery, if it vv ere a spirit of Devotion, or some secret Design vv hich he might have in *Spain*, that had made him undertake to travel thither under that Pilgrims Habit: *Camille* answer'd him smilingly, That there was more of a Caprichio than of a design in his disguise; but that knowing the charity that the *Spaniards* had for all those that did vow themselves to *S. Jaques*, he had taken in hand a Palmers staff to serve him as a Pass. The Governour replyed, That he knew well he had no occasion of any such aide, and then, putting on a more serious countenance, he added, that there had been very ill Reports made of him, which he could not

not attribute but to his disguise; that therefore he did advise him to take an Apparel more suitable to a person of Quality, as he did believe he was, and that if he had no business in *Barcelona*, that he should quit that City so soon as he could: That he would allow him three days to end his business in, during which time he would do well not to let himself be seen, and less about the Palace than in any other place: That he would have him believe it was with an extreme regret that he acted thus; and that if he could have given credit but to part of those things which had been spoken against him, he had been obliged to treat him with much more severity than he did: That if he wanted money or any thing else to retire himself from thence, he should but name it and he should be furnished with all things necessary, but that absolutely he could not dispense from giving him that order. *Gamille*, amaz'd and confounded at once



once with the Governour's Bounties, and with so cruel and unexpected a blow, after he had told the Governour that he was the most unhappy of all men to have given an occasion for such evil impressions, which he could attribute but to his ill fortune; he did return him thanks for all those favours which he had received from him, assuring him that since he was pleas'd to give him three days time longer before his departure from *Barcelona*, he would employ them to such a use as should not give to any person the least cause of complaint, or of any suspicion as to his conduct; and in this manner he took leave of the Governour.

No man more disconsolate than *Camille*, to find himself on such a sudden fallen from all those amorous hopes which he had too soon conceived, and what was worst of all to be obliged to quit the City within three days, a short time for a Lover;

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at least if he could but once have spoken or writ to the Marchioness, and taken her off of those so disadvantageous resentments which she had for him, and that he might but hope to take his leave of her; but he is banished from the Palace without daring to approach it: That was too severe: a Lover may promise such things, but it is to be feared that he will not observe them. It is rare to betray ones self; and it was not to be expected that *Camille*, who lov'd more than all the men in the World, should be in this point more exact than others; so that after he had a long time afflicted himself on this unhappy condition of the affairs of his heart, a despair seized him; he resolves to dye rather than depart after that manner. An Adventure so happily begun, was not to be concluded after such a manner, and it came in his head that peradventure he should not be so unhappy as he did imagine.

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He did not know what reason the Governour might have to use him thus, at the very time that he did overcome him with such honour and bounty as out-passed what such a figure as he represented might expect: There was great likelyhood that all this came from the Marquess, who upon the jealousy which he had conceived of him on the account of the Ring, would not be wanting in employing all his Interest with the Governour to make him quit the City. But he did not know whether the Governour himself was not tainted with that disease, by reason that his Wife had shew'd him so much kindness before him that morning in the Chappel, so that he had been concern'd at it himself, and the Governour had look'd upon her twice or thrice earnestly, so as to let her understand that so much eagerness did not very well please him. That which did the more confirm him in that Opinion, was

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the forbidding of him to approach near the Pallace; so that he held it already for certain, that the Reasons of State and Policy which that Lord had made use of to be rid of him, were but the meer Effects of a jealous temper: He was fully resolv'd to give him satisfaction in that point without any trouble to himself; for besides that he was already prepossess'd with a too beautiful Object, to have the least thought on any other Woman, *Donna Barbara* was not the most charming of the World in his Eyes, and the Governour had not hazarded much in trusting her with him.

Part of the night having been employed in making all those Reflections, without being able to decide positively, if his unhappiness did proceed from the Governour's or the Marquesse's jealousy; he did pass the remnant of it on the means to write to the Marchioness, because that the time press'd if he were obliged

liged to obey the Governour's Orders. He knew that in *Spain* the *Friers* are the ordinary Confidents of the gallant Intrigues, by reason of their free access into all houses, as a priviledge annexed unto all persons of their Character. He thought that if he could make an acquaintance with him that officiated in the Governour's Chappel, he could not doubt of a good success in his design; for, as to the gaining of him, that was a thing that did not much trouble him. He had learn'd in *Italy*, that those *Friers* who resist the Devil would be tempted with Mony; he mention'd this in the Morning to his Host, who told him, That he did very well know that worthy Chaplain, and that he would bring him to dine with him, if he desired it. To begin that way with a *Monk* is to hold the right course; the Match is concluded, the Dinner's ready, and the Reverend Father comes with a fresh-coloured

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face, like a good *Jacobin* as he was. In *Spain* those persons do not set forth the poverty of the Country, abundance of Beads, but little Penitence serves their turn: They sit at Table, they eat and drink a little better than in the Refectory: Monsieur, the Pilgrim, plays his part, and the Reverend Father much better his. Friendship from the one to the other, Healths and Complements, assurances of Services, and the finest tenderness in the World flew about; drink but once with those Reverend Fathers, and and it is an established Acquaintance even to the next World; and if you have no need of their Service, at least you shall have a share in their Prayers whether you will or not. *Camille* did not yet much trouble himself to have Prayers said for his Soul; he having occasion to make use of Father *Andrew*, thus was he named, more as to this World then for the next; at the end of the dinner

ner they fell into a discourse concerning the Governour's Court. He found that the Father was perfectly well-instructed in all things; that he lodged in the Palace; that he had as great a Power there as any Chaplain could have, and that finally he could better than any person in the World, render him that piece of Service which he desired; he gave a true byass to the business, takes the good Father aside, and tells him, that having taken that Habit which he did see him wear through a Vow which he had made to *S. Fago*; he knew that he was obliged to make some charitable deeds, to cause Prayers to be said in his behalf, and that he did not believe that he could put his charity into better hands than his; whereupon he drew out of his pocket a purse of Pistols, of which he gave fifty unto the Reverend Father, who return'd him Curtesie upon Curtesie, mumbling

bling a quantity of words one upon another by way of Thanksgiving and Prayers, of which he scarce did understand the sense, so much did the Rapture that he was in by this magnificent charity transport him beyond himself.

This step being made, which was the most essential in the whole business. *Now, Father, said Camille, might I obtain a favour of you? Alas, Sir, replied Father Andrew with much earnestness, what would not any one do for you. I do believe you, continued the Pilgrim, to be an honest and a good man, and therefore I hope, that in declaring this to you in way of Confession, I run no hazard, and that you will serve me therein if it lyes in your power. You know, continued he, that within these two or three days there is come into the Pallace a certain Lady from Italy, who is called the Marchioness of C. I have some business with her, and cannot get to speak to her, be-*  
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cause of her Husband who is very jealous. Jealous ! replied Father Andrew, yea more than any man in the World. So that I would willingly have a Letter delivered unto her, continued Camille, and I believe that there is no hurt in that. Alas, not in the least, replied the scrupulous Father, and you need do no more than to give it me. I do promise you, upon the faith of a good Religious, as I am, that you shall have an Answer before you go to Bed. If it prove so, said Camille, there are fifty Pistols more for Charities. I tell you, replied the zealous Father Andrew, that you shall have it, for you are too charitable, and too honest a man not to have your Prayers and Vows granted in Heaven. This Agreement being made, and there being no further occasion of Requests or Promises between them, they alter'd their discourse; and Father Andrew, who was as earnest to go earn the other fifty Pistols as Camille was to see

the Answer which the Marchioness would make him, ended here his Visit, and having the Letter he went to labour to bring about so pious a design.

The business was not so easie as he imagin'd, for the Marquess, who understood such things better than any *Fryer* of them all, and who had no great Faith in their Girdle, was continually present during the Visit that this came to give to his Wife; so that the good Father *Andrew* did begin to despair of getting the other fifty Pistols that Night, when by good fortune the Governour came in, towards whom the Marquess advancing to receive him, he gave an occasion to this new Mercury to accomplish his Message, in sliding very dextrously the Letter into the Marchioness's hand, who looking upon him did understand by some signs he made that it was something of great moment to her, and which it was not requisite that her

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her Husband should see. She withdrew herself into another Chamber, as if she would give a free liberty to these Gentlemens Entertainments, and having opened the Letter she found it thus.

**I**N that despair, Madam, in which those unjust distrusts which you have had of me, has plunged me, I deferre not to seek all the means in the world to write to you, to offer you once again my Services. You tax of Treachery a man which would rather perish a thousand times than have so much as the least thought of displeasing you. When you will know me better, you will learn that I am not of so mean a Rank as to commit any unworthyness. I know what is due to Ladies; but more than that I know what I feel for you within my Bosom, and there is no fear of falling in that Duty which is supported by Love. If your Ring has caused some disorders, at the worst you may attri-

bute it to some misfortune, but not to any fault of mine. It fell from your fair hand without my knowledge, and the Captain of the Galley who did find it, thinking that it was mine, did bring it to me before the Marquess. This is the truth, Madam, of that Adventure: If you are satisfied with this justifying of my self, as it appears to me you should, and that you continue still in the same Resolutions you once had, make use of a person who offers you not his Life and Fortunes only, but who dyes with Love for you. It is time to think on it, for I have but three days to stay in this City, the Governour having given me orders, I know not for what reasons, to be gone after that time. I could however find out some means to continue longer here, if you did desire it. What will not a Lover do for the object of his Love, I wait your orders on this. The Religious, who shall deliver you this Letter, is a person that I have wholly engaged

gaged in my Concerns, and in whom you may confide: Be confident, Madam, that nothing shall be forgotten to render me worthy of your Esteem, and that there is no person that is with more Respect and Passion, than I am wholly yours.

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The Marchioness, who when opening the Letter had had some thoughts that it might come from her Pilgrim, was ravished with joy at the reading of it, and finding that she had not deceived her self, and in learning the whole story of the Ring. But that which charm'd her most, were those tender and passionate Sentiments which he expressed for her, judging well by the manner of his writing, as also by the air of his person that he must be some person of Quality. All that esteem which she had had for him at first sight, did now redouble; he had offered himself unto  
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her with so good a Grace ; he had given her to understand in so ingenious a manner the design which he had to serve her, that that alone was capable to seize the heart of a beautiful young Woman, that sought after that which was offered to her in so gallant a manner. It is true, that her first distrusts had somewhat could her desires ; but besides that she could never condemn him wholly in her thoughts ; she had at last in some measure better inform'd herself, by what she had heard from her Husband, and the wrong which she conceived she had done the Pilgrim on that account, had serv'd but to render him the more worthy of her esteem : In fine all things else, besides the Governour and his Lady, having contributed in making her a thousand times regret the not having made better use of the good intentions of so worthy a person. This Letter in bringing her the joy that she received by hearing from  
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from him, did wholly dispose her to entertain such thoughts of him as he was worthy of. She would gladly have made him an Answer, but as it has been said before, the use of writing was not only forbid her as a Capital Crime, but wholly out of her Power. Mean time as Love is extreme ingenious, and that it appears more in such occasions than in any others, she bethought her self to write with a Bodkin, upon an Orange which she had, these words, *Be this night at eleven of the Clock under my window, and you shall have my Answer*; after which she return'd into the Chamber, where was the Governour with the Marquess, and Father *Andrew*, who would not be gone from thence without some Answer to his Letter, after he had perform'd the most difficult part, which was the delivery of it. The Marchioness did look upon him, and shewing him the Orange which she set upon the  
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Window, she made him signs to take it, and that it was all that she had to give him. Father *Andrew*, who was a most intelligent *Fryer*, gently takes it up, and lifting up his Cowl he made a most humble Reverence unto those Gentlemen, and so retired, to the Marquess his great satisfaction, who was not contented in mind till he did see him out of his Apartment.

Our devout Postilion, but half pleas'd with his Message, for receiving an Orange for his Answer, was returning musing to the Pilgrim who staid for him at his Lodgings in great perplexity; he did believe that the good Father had fail'd of his design, seeing him coming with a somewhat mortified Countenance. *Well, Father*, said he, *the Marchioness is no more visible to you, than she is to others, and doubtless that you have not spoken to her. I not speak to her?* replied Father *Andrew*, as if angry at the wrong was offered



ed him, and who dares refuse that to a Director of twenty years standing, Confessor to the Lady Governels, and Chaplain to my Lord Governour, and a worthy Son of St. Dominick. Good God! added he, raising his voice, *and where would you have us to be, in Barbary? No, no, Sir Pilgrim,* continued he, while Camille was endeavouring to make his Excuses with Postures and Grimaces, *I have seen, I have spoken, I have delivered your Letter, it has been read, but for an Answer, I have but this Orange to deliver to you,* which he drew out of his Sleeve, *and truly you must needs be very unhappy to have no better success in this business, for I always go through withal that I undertake, to the great satisfaction of those that employ me.* After that Camille had let him know that he was extremely satisfied with what he had done, he took the Orange, examin'd it a little better than Father Andrew had done,

done, whose concern was not so great, and presently he discovered the whole Mystery, after which taking no further notice, he put it in his Pocket in the room of fifty Pistols which he took from thence, which the good Father was scrupulous to take, saying, that in Conscience he could not, and that at the most he would have but half, because he had done but half what he had promised. Yet at last, to oblige so generous a Pilgrim he was perswaded to take the whole, desiring him not to spare him in any thing that he should have occasion for him, and upon that he went his way.

*Camille*, more full of joy than would be a Lover that had received an effectual rendezvous, did wait with strange impatience the hour of that Assignment which was appointed him: Prudence would not let him approach the Palace in his Pilgrims Habit after what the Governour

nour had said to him, but the fear that he had least the Marchioness should not know him from her Window in another dress, or that she durst not trust to another, he being by that better distinguish'd from all other persons, he resolv'd not to change his Apparel; so that being gone out at a fit hour, he found himself just at eleven before the Palace. Father *Andrew* had pretty well inform'd him on which side was the Marchionesses Apartment, and that her Windows did answer upon the Sea; so that he could not mistake. He gets under them, and perceiving some light in them, he goes behind a Pillar till the Marchioness should appear and make him some sign. In such busineses time seems long, every moment lengthens; and it seem'd to *Camille*, who had his Eyes fastned to those Windows, that he had already waited a long time, when at last he did see a Lady appear, and as he imagin'd it could

could be none but the Marchioness: He immediately steps out of his lurking place and shew'd himself. He was presently known by the Shells and other gaudy things which Pilgrims usually wear on their Hats which glittered in those bright nights that are common in those Countries in the Summer Season; and soon after the Window was shut again. He thought that it was not yet time, but a quarter of an hour after he saw a little door opened whence there came forth an ancient *Duenna*, who call'd him, and made him go in, saying, in a low Voice, that all that day they had been concerned for him, that he had been sought for all over the Town, and that they had but just spy'd him from the Window; he was advis'd to be discreet and wise, and that he should be the happiest of all men. And hereupon, taking him by the hand, she led him without light through an obscure way  
till

till they were come into a low room very like that of some old waiting Woman, in a corner of which there was a Lamp burning, there being nothing else in it but a Bed, and that none of the best, two Flag-Chairs, and a Trunk, which it is probable did serve for a Wardrobe. She busily told him that he should stay a little, and that when all things should be ready to receive him, she would fetch him. Happy *Camille*, not daring to make the least noise, all transported with joy and acknowledgments, did only kiss twice or thrice her hand, making her signs that she might be gone, and that he would stay there till she came again: upon this the *Duenna* who knew with what impatience she was expected back, that the result of her Commission might be known, did get up a Ladder which was in the room, and went into the Chamber over it through a Trap-door to give an account of what she had done.

To

To conceive well the condition that the amorous *Camille* was in at that time, one should love as much as he did. He was sensible that the Marchioness did shew him more favour than ever he could have hoped for, and that when he thought his business desperate, on the sudden he did find himself upon the very moment of being the happiest of all men. These Reflections rais'd his Thoughts and Idea's, representing to himself the beauteous Marchioness, some time after one manner, sometime after another, who told him this, to which he answer'd, that thus relishing beforehand such charming pleasures, that nothing but the reality of what he did imagine could afford him greater; so long as the heat of his amorous ravings could afford him any matter of entertainment, time did not seem long to him; and setting aside some little Impatiences which from time to time did seize on him, he did

did spend passably well some moments in that dull Chamber; but when it began to be long before the old Woman did return, and that he had begun to fear some back-stroak of Fortune or of Love, his fancy representing to him every moment some misfortune or other, he felt no longer any thing of the former sweets. He had almost been two hours dancing Attendance, and had already gone above a thousand times about the Chamber, which he had visited to divert himself from one end to the other, there not being a Rag, or Clowt, Shell of red, Pot of *Pomatum*, with which that Trunck was filled, which had not pass'd through his hands, and wherein he had not thrust his Nose. He already did no longer hope for any thing of what he had promised to himself, and was very fearful of passing the Night upon that Trunck; for as to the Bed, he fear'd too much the smell and Society of it, when  
at

at last he did see the Trap-door lift-  
ed up, and the *Duenna* to appear,  
who made him signs to come up;  
Presently he re-assumes his joy, and  
in two or three steps flies up to the  
Trap-door; he beholds a magnifi-  
cent Chamber, enlightened but  
with one single Flambeau, which  
was placed upon the Table. The  
*Duenna* made him sign that he  
should go to the Wall-side of the  
Bed, he advances with redoubling  
joys of Love which he could hardly  
contain in his heart, and drawing  
near to the Bed where lay the Lady  
with the Curtins drawn, he cast  
himself upon his Knees before her,  
who received him with no less passi-  
on. At the first on-set there was no-  
thing but Transports and Tenderne-  
ses on both parts, sighs on this part,  
sighs on the other. *Ab, Madam,*  
cry'd out *Camille* twice or thrice in  
a languishing accent, *what Graces,*  
*what Favours do I receive at present*  
*from you?* he was not able to say  
any



more in the joy he had. Mean time the old *Duenna*, who had no more business there, went out of the Chamber to keep Centry for fear of a surprisal. The Lady, who had seen sufficiently this languishing Lover kneeling, being impatient that he should rise to an higher degree of Fortune, having no time to loose, desired him with a sigh to arise and sit down by her; that the Governour was playing with the Marquess, and that it would not be long before he would be coming. *Gamille* surpris'd with this discourse, and to hear so good *Spanish* spoken by a Lady of his Country who was not likely to understand it so well, opens his Eyes, discerns through the Curtins some other Features than those of the Marchioness, and in lieu of her he finds the Governours Wife, whose Cornets, Ribbons, Curls, and all the other Adjustments with which she had bedeck'd her self as a new Bride, had at first sight deceived him

him through the aid of the small light that came into the Bed ; what a change did this mistake produce in him ? his Joy and Transports are presently chang'd into a dull silence, he looks up towards Heaven as if it had been the Author of his mishap, and at the same time turning his Head another way, in lieu of rising, as the Lady did bid him, he lets himself drop upon the Bed, with his Head leaning on his Arms, as if he would hide the Confusion that he was in through that piece of Treachery which Love had lately play'd him. The Lady much troubled to see him in this posture, after such a tender and passionate beginning, enquires what he aileth, and whether he finds himself ill. He makes no Answer, she takes him by the Arm, draws him towards her, and finds him to be grown cold and indifferent, which surprises and frets her. Never were persons more pussed ; she repeats

peats her Caresses, and intreats him to tell her what he has found in her that should on the sudden disgust him. She sees that he sighs, but it is for sorrow, and not out of love. At last he rises and intreats of her that he may retire. *Retire?* replied she, with a trembling Voice, *and can you leave me in this manner? Ah! how unhappy am I?* continued she, holding an Handkerchief before her eyes to hide the confusion that she was in, and to receive some Tears which she could not retain. *what,* added she, *must I see my self thus slighted by a person to whom I have abandoned my Life and Honour.* And finding that neither her Tears nor any thing else that she could say to him of most tender, did move him, and that he still did persist in the design of retiring, *ungrateful man,* said she to him with a sorrow mixed with fury, *carry not thy cruelty so far, for thou wouldest abandon me to all that rage can make a*

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person of my Quality and Courage do, when she finds her self treated as thou usest me. Speak, draw near, and at least tell me something that may allay the effects of thy contempt. The Governour is not far from hence, and if thou obligeest me to make some noise thou art lost. Whoever else had been in Camille's room, had had peradventure more Complaisance for a Lady, who, though none of the handsomest, might well deserve somewhat less of rigour to be shewn to her, that doth never become a young man; but yet again when one is prepossessed with such a strong passion as he was, and that in lieu of a charming beauty which has been long expected and thought to be in possession, an Object is met with which was not sought after, it becomes the more hateful, and the Heart being grieved at such a deceit, it takes up quite contrary thoughts to the former, and it is very difficult to reclaim it.

How

Howbeit *Camille*, who look'd upon himself as a Prisoner in the Power of a transported Woman who could really ruine him, did at last make use of his prudence; he did not drive her to the extremity, and thinking on some more handsome put off than that of a disgust, he was preparing himself to make her some Excuses upon a faintness of Heart, which had seiz'd on him, when the *Duenna* came in great hast to tell them, that the Game was at an end, and the Governour coming; so that all that *Donna Barbara* could do, was to embrace once more that insensible Lover, which in that very moment did force some expressions of kindness to comfort her a little, seeing himself upon the point of being rid of her. *If you will not*, said she, *put into despair a person that has so much passion as I have for you, render your self to morrow at the same hour where I did see you this night.* She had no time to say

more to him, because that she heard the Governour coming; so that the *Duenna* had but just time sufficient to open the Trap-door, and go out with *Camille*, and that with such precipitation, that her Coats being between as she let it down again, and the Ladder, which was not very fast, having slid from under them by their hasty motion in getting off, the Pilgrim fell with his Breech to the ground, and the old Woman remain'd hung in the Air by her Coats, which was the pleasantest sight that could be. She durst not make any noise for fear of being heard by the Governour; and she was making sign to the Pilgrim to help her to get loose, but notwithstanding the cross Adventure which he had so lately had, and that in which he had shear'd with the *Duenna*, he did break out into such a laughter at the dangling of her Legs, that he was a long time not being able to rise. He would gladly

ly have left her in that posture to be reveng'd of the cruel message which she had lately deliver'd to him, by which he had lost the Rendezvous which he had from the Marchioness, and perhaps the opportunity of ever having another; but having occasion for this old Woman to convey him from thence, he was obliged much against his will to assist her; yet it was not without considering of her very exactly, before and behind, and laughing heartily at her, which made the *Duenna* storm at him, and promise him to revenge her self if ever he came again. *Camille* did not trouble himself at her Threats; being very sorry to have been catch'd once there. Being led out he pass'd once again before the Windows of the Marchionesses Chamber, but he could see no more light there, and small hopes of having any till day; yet he walked under them for some time, sighing, think-

ing and complaining of Love, and of that hard fate which had so untowardly thrown him into the Arms of an homely Woman; yet in the midst of all these regrets, the pleasant Reflections which he did make upon his mistake on the transports of the Governess, and on the *Duenna's* Adventure did somewhat divert him. But it was time to go to Bed, not to sleep; for that's not for Lovers; but to think what he should do to repair that nights mis-carriage.

So soon as it was day he sent to seek after the most dear Father *Andrew*, from whom he kept secret what had befallen him with the Governour's Wife; it not becoming a well-bred man to divulge such things; he only told him, That he was the most unfortunate of all men, and that if he did not take pity of him, his despair would not let him live 24 hours. The obliging Father *Andrew*, impatient to learn



learn in what he could serve him, imagining that it would not be unrewarded, did conjure him not to despair, but to be perswaded, that if his happiness did depend on him only, he would make him the most happy person in the World. After this sincere and true protestation, *Camille* told him, that if he would have him obliged to him of his life, which was much more than of his good fortune, he must that day deliver a Letter to the Marchioness, and endeavour by all means possible to bring him an Answer: That he would acknowledge his kindness so as that he should have cause to be contented, and not repine at the little pains he should take for him. *Alas, fie, Sir, pray have no such thought,* said the Father, smilingly interrupting him. *You know that we are in this world but to serve one another, and I do not believe there is any one that taketh more delight in obliging persons than I do. Give me that Let-*

ter, added he, and only pray to God that I may find the Marchioness alone, and I promise to return you such an Answer as you would desire; but be the Marquess there or not, I will not return without bringing you news from the Marchioness, and deliver your Letter unto her; and without more words, he takes leave of him, and goes to set the Irons in the Fire.

The Marchioness had been all night in no less trouble than Camille; she had in the Evening feign'd her self somewhat ill, that she might stay in her Chamber, and not lose the opportunity of the appointment which she had made to the Pilgrim, but that pretended indisposition had not had the effect which she expected; for the Governour and his Lady, being come to keep her company, did pass the greatest part of the night with her, the Governour at play with the Marquess and Donna Barbara in discourse with her; so that

that she never durst draw near to the Window, for fear of giving them any distrust in case the Pilgrim should appear and be seen; as indeed it had happened unto the Governour's Wife, which had presently known him and made use of the occasion as has been related. And the Marchioness was no sooner quit of the Lady, but she went also to the Window, but there was no more Pilgrim there, she look'd every way, and waited for him with the greatest impatience and trouble imaginable, fearing that he might have been weary with waiting so long. The Game being ended at last, and the jealous Marquess, who had twice or thrice observed with what assiduity his sick Wife did stay at the Window, had played with a very distracted mind, every moment turning his Head towards her, as if he fear'd some Gallant should get up that way; so that the Governour was no sooner got out  
of

of the Chamber, but that he went himself to see what was the matter, he look'd out, and after he had been some time there, not seeing any thing, he shut the VVindow with a great deal of caution.

The beautiful Marchioness was in such a melancholy for having fail'd the Pilgrim, that she could have no rest all that night. Her Husband who did not always sleep, when he seem'd so to do, and who had fancy'd that certainly his VVife had had some evil design that Evening, was more than ever confirm'd in that Opinion; when he heard her from time to time to vent most violent sighs. There needed no great matter to puzzle his brains; and this wicked Pilgrim did so run in his mind since the Adventure of the Diamond, that he had no other dreams every night but of Palmer staves, Cockle-shell-Hats, and the like, which made him be in continual fear; he would come every day

day at Mass in the Palace-Chappel where he had no business; he did insinuate himself into the Governour's Favour, to render him a Visit; wherefore all this, thought he, if it were not on my VVifes account? who as indispos'd as she was, did watch two or three hours at the VVindow to see him pass by. Thus did he reason within himself; if by laying his hand on her left side he could have made her declare in her sleep all that she had in her Heart; Oh, what a triumph that had been for him! but he had already a thousand times made tryal of that secret without advantage. After this he lay reproaching of himself for having continued so long at play while he should have been minding his business; for, said he to himself, with a Sex so perfidious as that is, let a poor man forget himself but one moment, and he is lyable to receive during that time the greatest Affront that can  
ever

ever happen to him. Having pass'd the best part of the Night in tormenting himself after this manner, he got up in the Morning, his Head so fill'd with the thoughts of this Pilgrim, that he fancyed to see him in every person that came into the Chamber. Father *Andrew*, who was one of the first that came to visit him, though he dissembled never so much, approaching him in a Saint-like posture, with a wry Neck, his Hands in his great Sleeves, and a down look, he was received by the Marquess rather worse than the day before. For after he had shew'd him a meen cold enough to freeze the fiery heat of the most Zealot of all Intreaguers, he heard him speak during more than an hour that they walked together in the Hall, without affording him any other Answer than *yea* or *nay*, with which Father *Andrew* grew at last weary, and finding that he could not get him by any means to enter into a  
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Conversation, he took the liberty to ask him how the Lady Marchioness did, and whether he should not have the honour to give her the good morrow. No, Father, reply'd the Marquess, very coldly, *she is not very well, and you will excuse her for this time.* Heaven! how sorry am I at it? replied the good Father, it is at such times, as when we are visited, that we stand in most need of a wise Directors Consolations; and with your liking, my Lord, added he, seeing that Heaven hath sent me as it were on purpose, I will have her ask'd, if without disturbing I could not speak some words of Consolation unto her. You will certainly disquiet her, Father, did he reply. But if she had occasion to confess her self? continued the ghostly Director. She is not yet so ill, answer'd the Marquess, and it is not eight days since she was at Confession. It is no matter, went on the Father, going towards the  
the

the Marquionesses Chamber, *one knows not what may happen.* She sleeps, said the other, detaining him, and this is no fit time. *How? does she so?* said the zealous Father, *then I will wait till she awakens,* and you --- Father, without any more ado, said the jealous Lord, interrupting of him somewhat roughly, his patience being at an end, I tell you, that here is no need of you, and that you will oblige me, not to come here again till you are sent for. *Sir, it is not usual to treat a man of my Orders in such a manner,* replied Father Andrew, without being daunted, *In speaking to me so roughly, you offend a whole Order,* that might --- I should offend the Pope, & the whole Church, said the angry Marques interrupting him, with a longing desire to break the Fryars bald Pate, if the Pope and the Church would see my Wife against my Will: and saying this he left his Reverence, and withdrew himself into his Wifes Chamber



ber, and shut the Door after him.

The poor Father *Andrew* extremely confus'd and vexed at the Marquess his brutishness, retir'd very pensive, but fully resolv'd to find out some way of revenge, thinking himself unworthy of his Monkish Character, if he did not make him wear a pair of fair ones. He returned to the Pilgrime with a most sorrowful countenance, and in giving him an account of the manner that that Brute had us'd him (for so he qualify'd the Marquis) he did sufficiently express his resentments protesting that were it not for the Habit he wore, he would have made him that which he feared so much to be. That excess of cholar made *Camille* to laugh, maugre all the discontent he was in at his Embassies ill success. He intreated the Father to rely on him as to the point revenge, only desiring his assistance to bring it about. That I fully resolve, answered Father *Andrew*, and though it should

should cost me the hundred Pistols that I have received from you, I must and will speak to the Marquioness this very day, and give you an account of this Letter. *Camille* who was not ignorant of those Confraters subtilties, very much rejoycing to see him take such a resolution, told him, to animate him the more, that in case those hundred Pistols were employ'd in his service, he should meet with another hundred at his return, and more too, if he had occasion for them. Liberality is one the most advantageous, and surest qualities of a Lover. Most commonly it stands in the place of Merit, and perswades much better. That which Love cannot do in a long time, Money will perform some time in a moment. Father *Andrew* in whom a covetous humour did predominate above all other things, did find himself ingaged by so powerful an interest to serve so brave a Pilgrim, as not to omit setting on work all  
that

that he knew of subtilty and intreague. Vengeance and hope of a new present were too strongly joyned together to fail; upon such good security he would have undertaken the most difficult things in the World. He goes to *Donna Barbara* whose Confessor he was, as we have already said, so that he knew the very Soul of her; he counterfeits a troubled mind, that he might be ask'd what it was that disquieted him. The Lady falls in his Trap, she intreats and presses him diverse times to tell her what was the matter; and at last he informs her that the Marquess is jealous of the Governour; and that having been in his apartment to visit the Marquioness, who he had heard was fallen ill, he had us'd him not as a Confessor, or his Excellencies Chaplain; but as a Messenger concern'd in the Governours Amours, not giving him the liberty to see her. *Signora Donna Barbara*, according to the usual

usual custom of women who will be themselves jealous of their Husbands, but will not suffer others to be so; did take in great disdain, the Marquis his distrusts, not thinking her self less worthy than his Wife. Thus being carried away with those first transports, she did speak with so much scorn of the Husbands extravagancy, and the Wives want of Merit, that she gave occasion to Father *Andrew* to descant upon that Theme also, and say to her, all that could incense her and make her of his party, *Nay, since it so, said Donna Barbara, and that this Lord is so apt to see Visions, only because my Husband is more civil, and better understands what is due to Ladies than he. He shall be made jealous in good earnest, and we will make our selves some sport with him. If you will serve me in it, Father Andrew, added she, smiling, we shall both revenge our selves most pleasantly.* Father *Andrew* who desired nothing more, made answer, that

that he was ready to obey her, in all that she would be pleased to command him; and upon that she told him that she would think on it, and did bid him come again to her towards the evening a little before Supper, of which he fail'd not, and *Donna Barbara* found him in her Chamber waiting for her; she laugh'd so soon as she saw him, and asked him, if he could act very well a Gallants part; for he should see that night the Marquioness in such a Garb: at this, Father *Andrew*, taking upon him to assume a good Meen, was willing to let the Lady see, that he had not quite forgot what he had formerly been, and what he yet could be upon occasion: at which postures *Donna Barbara* laughing out-right, she sent him to one of her husbands *Valets de Chambre*, to whom she had before given order to fit him *Cap-a-pe*, like a gentleman, and she told Father *Andrew* that when he should be ready, he should

should go into the Garden, and keep himself hid in the *Grotto* of the *Nayades*, where she would meet him with the Marquioness. Father *Andrew* o're joy'd with a design so favourable to his desires, did shout with joy at so pretty a design, and did much applaud the Ladies ingenuity. Go and prepare your self to act your part well, said the Marquioness; for now that the Governour is not here, doubtless the Marquess will accompany us into the Garden, which will furnish us no doubt with some further divertisement, and you with a fit occasion of revenge. But Madam, reply'd Father *Andrew*, who had no mind that the conclusion of the Play should light on him, I would not have this Lord to mistake himself; for I know how furious he is, and you can testifie, Madam, that I have no hand in this, further than to obey your commands; go, reply'd she, and fear not any thing where I shall be.

Upon

Upon this Father *Andrew* goes to the *Valet de Chambre*, who did take care to accomodate him; and *Donna Barbara* having supped, she went, as she us'd to do every evening, to walk in the Garden with the Marquioness, where the Marquess did not fail to accompany them. But because the Governour was not there, the Spanish Custom not permitting him to entertain the Ladies, for fear of giving Jealousie, he went to walk in an other place of the Garden, however still having his Eyes on them, for fear of some surprize. Madam, said *Donna Barbara* to the Marquioness, so soon as they were by themselves, to shew you that I am a Woman of the most franck nature in the World, I must tell you that it is twenty years since I first knew a man, for whom I have a very great esteem, and whom I cannot forbear seeing once a day, and in a word, from whom I reserve no secrets, so that I intrust him with  
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my greatest as well as smallest Concerns ; yet this man does not so soon desire to see you, but that without weighing my own interests, I offer to be his assistant. *I must confess,* replied the Marquioness, *that the example is not common, and that such an action from any one but you, Madam, would very much surprise me, but one indowed with such charming qualities as you have, may hazard something more than ordinary, especially being near such a mean beauty as mine is.* Madam, I do not tell you this, replied the Governours Lady, to invite you to flatter me, or to contend of beauty with you ; on the contrary you see the sacrifice which I make you, of a Man whose heart you deserve to possess much more than I do, and unto whose vows I humbly intreat you to hearken: *And I,* Madam, replied the Marquioness, *who shall ever yield unto you in all things, except in complaisance and generosity of heart, I conjure you*  
not



not to speak to me in the least of that Person, and to dispense with me from seeing him: That cannot be, replied Donna Barbara, for I have engag'd it should be otherwise, and we are too near him to get off again: As she ended these words, and not above two or three steps from the Grotto of the *Nayades*, they saw come forth a Cavalier in a magnificent dress, which did as much surprise the Marquioness, as all that Donna Barbara had newly said unto her. She would presently have retired, fearing it was some trick put upon her; but the Governours Lady stopt her. *Good Madam*, said the Marquioness, *permit me to retire I beseech you, or I shall have cause to complain of you.* But Donna Barbara had no sooner seen Father Andrew's Figure, but she burst out into such a laughter as would not give her leave to answer her. At which the Marquioness strangely confounded, believing that she was certainly played upon, would

would by all means be gone, not intending to be an object to the diversion of the Governours Lady. On the other hand, Father *Andrew* did make most ridiculous postures in imitation of a Gallant Air; and did speak such pleasant things to the Marquioness to undeceive her, and oblige her to stay, that *Donna Barbara* was e'en spent with laughing, and the Marquioness began to be angry in good earnest, not deigning to answer, or so much as turn her Eyes towards the Cavalier; who seeing that *Donna Barbara* could detain her no longer, was at last constrained to ask her if she knew no longer, Father *Andrew*. Never was a confusion equal to that of the Marquioness, who at the name of Father *Andrew*, having cast her Eyes upon him, did presently know him, and was for sometime so disordered within her self, that she knew not what to say, not knowing to what purpose *Donna Barbara* had brought her

her that Fryar, without he had intrusted her with what had passed between her and the Pilgrim: but she was presently undeceived as to that; for the Governours Lady, who thought that she had sufficiently laugh't at the Marchionesse's cost, not willing to let her remain any longer in the disorder that she seem'd to be in, did relate unto her how that all this Comedy had been invented meerly to revenge her self of her husbands jealousy, who would not allow that any one should see her: and as she was thus speaking, Father *Andrew*, who was upon the watch, and who not without cause was more in fear than any body else, did afar off espy the Marquis, who was advancing towards them with a round pace: upon which he was alarmed; and would fain a been going; but *Donna Barbara* did imbolden him again, and advis'd them both to go into the *Grotto*, while she would go meet the

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Marquess, to undeceive him; but that the opportunity was too fair not to thoroughly revenge her self by it. The Marchioness, who would willingly have given half her life to speak with Father *Andrew*, was so surpris'd with joy, at the opportunity which *Donna Barbara* gave her of it, that she thought of nothing but to make good use of that happy moment.

The Marquess had all along kept the Avenue, having walked before the Garden-gate to observe those that should go in or out; when having cast his eyes on that side that the Ladies were, he had seen certain feathers appear, which had most terribly affrighted him; and quite out of breath at the sight of that Vision, he was running as fast as he could that way, to see what it was, and know whether his eyes deceived him or not: But *Donna Barbara* meeting him, did detain him, and enquired whether he went

so fast: Leave me, Madam, said he, with so great a perplexity that he could scarce speak, for Heavens sake let me go, for I have seen all, and your company is too dangerous for my wife. why? reply'd she, what is't you fear? She is with my Husband, who we have found hid in the Grotto of the Nymphs. How? She is with your Husband, reply'd the Marquis more astonish'd than ever, and you can have the patience, Madam, to leave them alone thus? what, reply'd she, you'd have me be there as a Property? That is not my humour; and if Monsieur the Governour, who as you know has ever been wanton enough, will play me foul play, I shall sooner forgive him for making choice of so pretty a Lady as is the Marchioness, than if he should make use of some other less deserving. And I find, reply'd the Marquis in a fury, that what you now say, is the most terrible thing in the world, and that an honest woman ought to give Poyson to a Hus-

band that should have the least thought of such a thing. In speaking thus, he was so distracted, that he knew not what to do: He would go two or three steps forwards, and then as many back, dragging Donna Barbara after him, who still had hold of him, and had much to do to follow him: *Will you not then*, said she to him, *go and see what they do, seeing you are so restless?* No, Madam, answer'd he roughly, retiring back, *for I have seen but too much already; and since that the Rights of Hospitality are violated here, and that under the pretence of Parentage a Man of my Quality is dishonour'd, I must have a recourse to those that can do me Justice in this case, and I will perish rather than not be righted.* He did speak those words with such a transport, and so loud, that Father Andrew, who was not far from thence, having heard him, thought that he was just upon him, which made him gallop away  
as

as fast as he could to the back-door, of which *Donna Barbara* had given him the Key.

The Marquess was going back to the Palace wholly transported with fury, revolving a thousand designs of vengeance in his mind against this treacherous Kinsman the Governour: When he was scarce got to the first Gallery which answer'd into the Garden, where he met him with some Officers. How great his surprise was, is easie to be imagined; and seeing him come up to him with a chearful smiling countenance, he stood looking on him without saying one word. The Governour more surpris'd, than he himself, at his behaviour, and to see him so pale and wan, did ask him what he ailed: *What, my Lord,* said the Marquess, *did I not see you but even now in the Garden speaking to my wife, near the Grotto of the Nayades?* No assuredly, reply'd the Governour, *for I have been ever*

since morning in the Arcenal, to hasten the fitting out of some Vessels for Sicily, and I am but just come in. The jealous Marques had no sooner heard this, but that the fumes of this passion confounding his senses more than ever, he return'd into the Garden almost distracted, where the Governour, who did see him so transported, did follow him, pressing him several times to declare what he ailed, and where he was going, without being able to get one word from him, till they had found the Ladies that were walking and laughing still at the Adventure, against whom he vented part of his rage, running down his Wife with such ill language, in which *Donna Barbara's* Honour was not a little concern'd. The Governour did hear all that without one word speaking, being in an extreme impatience to learn the cause of all those transports: But the Ladies, who continued laughing at the Marques's fury,



ry, did increase it much at the Governours amazement, unto whom, when the jealous man was retired, they gave an account of all that had passed.

Mean time the furious Marques was extremely perplexed, to guess who that Cavalier should be that he had seen with his Wife in the Garden, there being no likelihood that it should be the Governour: so that after he had sufficiently tormented himself on that Theme, he having always his imagination fill'd with the Pilgrim, and that he could thin' of no other person on whom might more certainly lay his Conjectures, he concluded that it w<sup>as</sup> he, and that *Sennora Donna Barbara*, who had always taken that Traytors part, had had him secretly convey'd into the Garden, there to entertain his Wife. There was but little ground for all that, and it was very unlikely that a Lady, as was the Governours Wife, should stoop

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so low: But of what strange Idea's is not a jealous mans fancy capable? He did confirm himself so well in that Opinion, through a thousand false reasonings which he made upon it, that he no longer doubted it; so that he took the resolution to rid himself of a man so fatal to his quiet as was that person: Yet some checks of Conscience, (for *Spaniards* have it very tender,) making him to reflect with some scruples on an act in which a Christian soul was concern'd, he did conclude to examine the business a little better first: And thereupon he was framing a design most infallible, to inform himself of the whole truth; which was, to disguise himself like a Pilgrim, as he might easily do in a Country where there are Shops full of such Garments to sell, and then to walk under his own Chamber-window, where his Wife would not fail to appear, as she had done the night before, and so be trepan'd: This  
being

being resolv'd upon, as has been said, and perceiving the night to draw near, so that he had no time to lose, if he would get all things ready before the Marchioness should be return'd from her walk, he sent one of his Servants to fetch him a Pilgrims habit; and having plac'd two other of his Servants over against his Chamber to keep Centry, if occasion were, and to give him an account of all things, he withdrew himself, expecting the return of his Servant.

Father *Andrew*, who through the impatiency he was in to carry those good news to the Pilgrim, which he had to tell him, together with the fear that the Marquess had put him in, had not had time to go and shift himself, but was running as fast as he could towards his most Dear's Lodgings with that Hat loaden with Feathers, which sometimes flap'd of one side of his head, and sometimes hung on the other: be-

sides the Peruke which did infinitely annoy him, and made him sweat more than ever had done two Cowls made of Serge; but above all the Belt, which was so long, that the Sword dragg'd on the ground, being forc'd to carry it in one hand, and to hold his Hat with the other. He did cross in this dress the best part of the City, not without frequently looking behind him, to see if some-body did follow him, still fearing the Marquess his anger, though he was far enough: At last he came to the Pilgrims Lodgings, who unfortunately was not at home. This makes him mad, he must find him out; that which he has to say to him is of too great a consequence to be omitted; it cannot be deferr'd, and there is not a moment to be lost: He runs to and fro, here and there, knowing that his steps would be very well rewarded, and that thereby his zeal would the more appear, but no Pilgrim

grim to be found. He had been seeking of him two hours, and was ready to return the second time to his Lodgings, but first he would go round the Palace, not being far from thence, to see if he might not be staid there; when passing under the Windows of the Marquess's Apartment, he saw a Pilgrim walking, and that seem'd to come towards him. It was somewhat dark, and he believ'd that he should hardly know him; therefore running towards him to imtrace him, *You have given me*, said he, *a great deal of trouble this day; you see in what an Equipage I am still, but you shall never know in what dangers I have hazarded my life for your sake. In a word*, continued he in a low voice, *the beaucous Marchioness is yours, and this very night, if you can get a Ladder of Ropes, she will follow you wheresoever you shall please to lead her: I have a Letter of hers to give you, in which you will see more; but*  
let

*let us from hence.* As Father Andrew was talking after this manner, he perceiv'd a certain piece of Iron to glitter, with which the Pilgrim was going to reward him after an ill manner for his good services, if he had not happily escaped the blow, by suddenly recollecting himself, seeing his errour, and running away; yet not so quickly, but that he left the Hat, Feathers, and Peruke in the others hands, who thought to hold him fast by them: *Ah! thou Villain,* cryed he, *is it thus that thou performest thy Religious Vows? Thou infamous Hypocrite, hast thou taken upon thee a Religious Habit, but for the more secure debauching another mans wife?* Father Andrew, who had not been so surpris'd at the shining of the Dagger, as he was at the hearing of the Marques's his voice, did set all his strength in his heels, and little minding the Sermon which was preach'd to him, he left not running till he



was come to the Pilgrims house. The Marquess, who was not so good a Foot-man, left running after him, being well satisfied with having found out the bottom of the Plot, especially the Marchionesses good intentions. He was only vexed that he had been too hasty, else he might have had the Letter also, which had been the way to have convinced her so home, that she should have had nothing to say for her self: Yet he did not wholly despair of performing it, in continuing to act the Pilgrims part, and walking under the Windows of her Apartment: He was scarce return'd thither, but the *Duenna* of *Donna Barbara*, who had ever since morning prepared as severe a revenge for *Camille* as could be imagin'd, fail'd not to let fall upon the Marquess his head, from a third story, a whole deluge of filth, with which he was cover'd all over. *Oh Heavens! must I receive this affront too,* said he, lifting

lifting up his head, to see from whence that Present came, *to fill up my measure of misfortunes?* And without staying to make needless complaints, and not being able to endure the horrible stink with which he was perfum'd, he went back to the Palace to shift himself, and in the same time give such orders, so that the Conspiracy should not take effect; but as he was going into that Chamber in which he was to leave all his Equipage, the Governour, who with his Wife was accompanying the Marchioness, did espy him; and having judg'd by his countenance that it was some-body that would hide himself, he did ask of him who carried the *Flambeau*, who it was; who made him answer, that he thought it was the Marquess: At which they all fell to laugh; and *Donna Barbara*, who sought by all means to make him stark mad, did oblige his Lady, who was very indifferent, and the Governour,

vernour, who out of complaisance did follow them, to go with her into that Chamber where they found him, having still the Hat and Peruque of that most wicked Father *Andrew* in one hand, and the *Palmer's Staff* in the other; but their presence was to him the most grievous of all afflictions, not thinking that they had seen him. They all gaz'd upon him with such an amazement, as at first hindered them from speaking, not only by reason of his disguise, which was sufficient to surprise them, but to see in what a pickle he had been laid, from head to foot, which did oblige them all to hold their Noses, no body daring to ask him the reason of all that, seeing him to be in no humour of satisfying their curiosity. But at last great shouts of laughter having succeeded all on a sudden, to their surprisal and silence, the Governour, who was a very civil Gentleman, did desire his Wife and the  
Mar-

Marchioness to retire, that they might not augment the confusion, or rather the rage that the Marquess was in, and give their people occasion to laugh at him. So he only remain'd with him; and looking on him with compassion, *My Lord*, said he, *what would you have the world to think of you? Let it think what it will; but still 'tis my opinion, that it is permitted every body to mind their own business; and, if possible, to prevent being betray'd: Betraid*, reply'd the Governour, *and where then are these Traytors? Where they are!* reply'd the Marquess in his turn, *over all the Earth, and with you, more than in any place of the world. In a word, your wife, and your Apostate Chaplain, who is the most wicked of all Traytors: But do you not see*, reply'd the Governour, *that all is but in jest, to make mirth; and that my wife, and that good Father——* *How? a sport to laugh at*, said the Marquess in a fury, interrupting him,

him, when my Honour and Life are concern'd in it? Yes, my Life, I say, for one cannot take the one from me without the other; when Letters are carried, and that my Wife is to be stoln away: But who, reply'd the Governour, who is to take her away? who? reply'd the other, your honest Pilgrim, with that precious Father Andrew, through the assistance, I will not say of whom, for I myself am ashamed of it. Heavens! is it possible, said the Governour, that you should abuse your self in this manner? Tea, yea, I do abuse my self, reply'd he in a scornful tone, and this Hat and Peruque were not part of Father Andrew's Equipage, who has been this night to speak with my wife through the assistance of yours: That which you now say, is true, reply'd the Governour, Father Andrew has been so idle as to please my wife, in disguising himself like a Cavalier, and she made him go into the Garden to laugh at him, with the Marchioness;  
you

you should have laugh'd also, and not  
furn'd at it as you have done: Yea, I  
must confess I am mightily in the  
wrong, reply'd the Marquess in the  
same tone still, and I was to have  
laugh'd at it; or rather, if you please,  
I should have been my Wifes Confi-  
dent to have carried the Letters which  
she writ to the Pilgrim, and have sa-  
ved the good Father Andrew that la-  
bour. These are your counsels, Mon-  
sieur the Governour, and I thank you  
most kindly for them. But--the Go-  
vernour would have answer'd him;  
But, said he presently again, inter-  
rupting of him, I beseech you to  
leave me in quiet, and let every one  
govern himself according to his own  
Maxims; it suffices that I am obli-  
ged to you, and to my Lady Gover-  
ness, for all that could happen to me  
in this world of most cruel.

While they were thus entertain-  
ing one another, the Marquess had  
rid himself of the Pilgrims Weeds,  
he immediately did run to his A-  
partment,

partment, confiding no more in Donna Barbara, than in Father Andrew, and presently he set his head to the Window, to see if the Ladder was not yet ready. The Governour who would not leave him till he had inform'd him better, was endeavouring with the best reasons that he could find, to reclaim him: Believe me, said he to him, my dear Cousin, that Pilgrim, of whom you speak, has no share in this Evenings Rallery; and I am very certain, that F. Andr. does not so much as know him. Good God! reply'd the Marquess, crying out as if possess'd, Father Andrew, that Villain, from whom I have just now learned all, who is carrying of a Letter from my wife to that Pilgrim, and who is to give him notice that he need but bring a Ladder this night to get her out at the window, and that she will follow him wheresoever he pleases, does not know that Traitor? All this did seem so ridiculous unto the Governour, and

to

to *Donna Barbara*, that in lieu of adding faith unto it, they did believe that he was crack-brain'd ; and they were consulting between them, what they should do to prevent this distemper from growing worse. As for the Marchioness, she was retired into a Closet, so soon as she had seen the Marquess come, under pretence of not exposing her self unto the rage of a jealous Mad-man ; but the truth was , because she was so strangely perplexed , not knowing what had happened unto *Father Andrew* , whose Hat and Peruque she had seen in her Husbands hands ; above all things, fearing that some mishap was come to her Letter. The Governour did think, that if he should cause the Pilgrim to be secur'd, so that the Marquess should have nothing further to fear from him, that that might compose his Brains. *Donna Barbara* did highly approve of this Proposition ; and her advice was , as every body thinks



thinks most on their own interest, that it would not be amiss to detain him Prisoner in one of the Towers of the Palace, that the Marques might rest the more secure; and that on the other hand, this poor Pilgrim, whom they thought not guilty, should be the better treated. This being so concluded, it was proposed to the Marques, who was already gathering his people together to be on the defence, in case of an Escallade, and who protested that there should be night and day a Guard in his Chamber, and that his Wife should not stir forth of it till this cursed Pilgrim were seisd, and that he had seen him have Irons at his feet. They promised him, that things should be performed according to his desires: And the Governor sent immediately to fetch a Lieutenant of the Guard, to whom he gave Orders before the Marques, to instantly go with twelve Musqueteers, and seek all about the City after

after an *Italian* Pilgrim, which he describ'd unto him; that he should not return without him, but should confine him in the Red Tower of the Palace. Mean time Father *Andrew* was come to *Camille* so out of breath, that he was a considerable time before he could say any thing to him, more than by Signs and Grimaces, which did as much amaze the Pilgrim, as the Equipage that he was in did make him laugh; Good! Good! Sir, said Father *Andrew* to him, with his eyes staring, what hazards have I run through this day for your sake? I have seen my self at the last moment of living, and it was well for me that I had a quick eye, and a nimble foot; I had been a dead man else, and kill'd, past all redemption, by the enraged *Marquis* his hand. *Camille* having enquired how, after he had taken a little breath, he related all that had happened to him that Evening, in such passionate terms, and such pleasant gestures;

gestures, especially at the Adventure of the Dagger, which was doubtless the most pleasant passage of all the Relation, that Camille, as vexed as he was at his giddy mistake, whose evil consequences he did very well foresee, could not forbear laughing, seeing him imitate at once both the Marquesses and his own part, how he had lifted the Dagger up against him, and how he had shunn'd the blow, still concluding that his business had been done, if he had not made quick use both of his eyes and legs. Camille who was much more impatient to see the Marchionesses Letter, than to hear every particular of that story, having ask'd for it, he open'd it, and read these words.

**A**ppearances have deceived me, Sir, and you must blame them for my over-hasty condemning of you. I can further say, that in despite of them, I have render'd you more Justice

stice than I could reasonably have done ; and that at the very instant that I call'd you Traytor, there was something which whisper'd unto me, it could not be possible, that a person who appeared so worthy, and so generous, could be capable of committing so base an action. I was beginning to renounce that injustice which I thought I did you, when I received your Letter ; and I am not more obliged to you for those generous offers, which you continue to make me, than in having wholly confirm'd me in the opinion that I had of you : for proof whereof, I declare to you, that besides the manner that you seem to be concern'd at my ill fortune, which would ever oblige me to have a great esteem for you, I have found such qualities in you, as usually make the renders of some persons services more acceptably received, than those of some others ; and that it will not be difficult for me to wholly confide in you. Let us make good use of time  
and

and opportunity, for I know not whether I shall ever have it so fair again; and if you can provide this very night a Ladder to get me down with from the window, I shall be ready to follow you. Farewel, do you act so, as to get Fortune of your side, and I'll ingage to you on the account of Love.

*The March. of L. C.*

While Camille was reading this Letter with transports of joy and love, he did tremble on the other side, when he did think on the hazards that it had run of falling into the Marquess his hands, which would have been the absolute ruine of the Marchioness: He did shrewdly guess, though Father Andrew had not told him, that his imprudence had made him discover any thing of the secret, that after such a fatal Encounter there was nothing to be hoped for in their late design;

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and that the jealous Lord would certainly be upon his guard: He was distracted at it, which yet he durst not wholly express to the Father, for fear of putting him out of humour, perceiving very well, that which way soever the business should go, he should still have occasion for him. As they were reasoning together on the ways they should take, to know if there were any hopes of executing their Enterprize, without danger of being discover'd or known, they saw an Officer come into the Chamber, who followed by six Musqueteers, gave the Pilgrim to understand, that he had an Order from the Governour to secure him, and did in a civil way desire him to surrender himself, because that besides his having of six Musqueteers more at hand, it had been expressly commanded him, to use him civilly; and that he should be very sorry to be obliged to use violent hands. All those kind expressions

pressions did not hinder our Heroe, who believ'd himself lost, and who was not a person to be tamely taken, to set himself in a posture of defence, with a Dagger in his hand, the only Weapon that he had then near him; so that maugre their great number, he sold them his liberty at a dear rate, having wounded three or four of the Souldiers; who having spared him at first, were at last so netled at the sight of their blood, that they were making at him, without any further regard unto the Governours Orders of favouring him. Father *Andrew*, who had never been in such a Fray, whether being animated thereunto by the example of the Pilgrims generous resistance, or that the Cavaliers dress he was in, of which he had lost nothing but the Hat and Peruque, did infuse courage in him; he plaid the Devil amongst them; and did so well second the Valiant *Camille*, that the Lieutenant had oc-

casion for the other six Souldiers, which he call'd to his assistance. They were forc'd at last to yield to the greater number: Father *Andrew* was the first taken, and the most ill treated, having not been spared; as had been the Pilgrim, there had rain'd upon his back and head, which was naked, a whole deluge of blows of Garabines, and flats of Swords; he crying out as one that was sufficiently beaten; *Ah! you Villains, is it thus that you treat poor Father Andrew, the Governours Chaplain, and Religious Priest of the Order of S. Dominick? Ye are all Excommunicated, and I Excommunicate you for ever if you do not hold.* At the name of Father *Andrew*, rather than at the noise of the Excommunication, there was a Truce of blows; and at the same time the Pilgrim having been seised, they were both had to the Palace, though there was Order but for *Camille*, becuse of the resistance that Father *Andrew* had made, up-



on whom the Souldiers had been more severe, as it did very well appear, they having discharged the greatest part of their anger upon him, so that he could but difficultly move. He was thus very well rewarded for all his Messages: Fortune does not always favor us in all places; and her ordinary vicissitudes are in making cross Events to succeed the fairest beginnings.

The Pilgrim was lodged in the Red Tower, and his Companion was had before the Governour, to know what should be done with him. Father *Andrew* would have willingly redeemed himself from so shameful a Scene, with the hundred Pistols which he had received: And for certain, how great soever the Governours surprise was to see him in so strange a dress, and to learn that he was found with the Pilgrim, he could not forbear laughing, in spite of the serious countenance which he had took upon him, to see

him in so sad a pickle with that new garment, which had been extremely disordered in the Battel. *Donna Barbara*, who was gone to bed, and could not perswade her self that it was her Ghostly Father, did rise to see him, and was yet more surpris'd than had been the Governor, but did not laugh, having a greater interest in it than her Husband, not doubting after this, but that all which the Marquess had said concerning the Intrigues between the Marchioness and the Pilgrim were real truths. All her anger was presently turn'd against Father *Andrew*, not only for his serving her Rival, but because he had made her a party, having caus'd her to act a part very unworthy of her, and most cruel to her heart. She took no notice of it before her Husband, but was resolv'd to treat him the next morning as he deserv'd. The Governour, who thought the Fryar had been sufficiently punished for all his follies, caus'd him  
to

to be releas'd, and presently sent word to the Marquess, that the Pilgrim was secur'd: This was a great satisfaction to him; yet he did not sleep the better for it, but had all night long Visions of Palmer Staves, Hats with Shells, and such like things, against which his mind could not yet be well settled, though the cause of all those terrors of his was in Prison.

The unfortunate *Camille*, overwhelmed with vexations and despair in that Prison, was much troubled about the cause that should move the Governour to have him thus apprehended in the night-time, and after such kindnesses which he had shew'd him: the time which he had allow'd him to remain in *Barcelona* was not yet expired, and on the Marquess his account he did not believe that there was any reason to use that extremity towards him; and it was much more probable, as he could not doubt it, that the Governour

had dived into his Wifes folly; and that the same reasons which had oblig'd him to forbid him the Court, and not to remain above three days in the City, had incited him also to cast him into Prison. These considerations made him exclaim against his too rigorous fate, that thus did load him with troubles, through the love of a Woman, whom he could not fancy, when he was just upon the point of being the most happy of all men with her that he adored. This thought, with the little inclination that he had for the Governours Wife, did not a little contribute to make him absolutely hate her.

*Donna Barbara* had not that night her mind less fill'd with sorrow and care for her Lover: She had scarce seen him, but she had lov'd him with so violent a passion, which did every moment encrease, and the sole Idea of that Pilgrim did so transport her, that there was not any

any thing which she would not perform to gain his affections. Mean time she learns that he loves another, and concludes that the repulses, or at least the indifferency that he had shewn to her the night before, did all proceed from thence, and that when he came to her, it was with an intention to have met with the Marchioness, as it had afterwards appear'd by his surprise. These were cruel reflections for a Woman that loves with such a passion as she did the Pilgrim, and yet they were not powerful enough to cure her; and in the midst of all the sorrow she had, to find her affections run so far in favour of an ungrateful person, which would triumph over them before her Rival, she did sigh and earnestly wish that day were come, that she might find out some way of seeing him. Father *Andrew* was now the only Object of her anger, as if he had been the cause of all her misfortunes: she wish'd that

he would guess the concerns which she had for the Pilgrim; and that in lieu of serving him towards the Marchioness, he would discover to her all that which had passed between those two Lovers, that she might break all their measures; that is, she desired that which was impossible. This is commonly the odd composure of mind of such persons as are possess'd with so violent a passion: mean time she was preparing very severe Mortifications for the good Father, the least of which was to send him back to his Monastery.

The morning, which affords counsel on the things which have been concluded in the night, and frequently with advantage, did cause the Governess to go quite another way to work than what she had designed: She sent to seek after Father *Andrew* so soon as she was up; but the good Father, who had not rested well that night, though not

tormented with Love as she had  
 been, was yet in Bed, and caus'd his  
 excuses to be made to Madam the  
 Governess, that through some de-  
 fluxions which had that night trou-  
 bled him, and from which he was  
 not yet quite free, he could not come  
 so soon to wait upon her. *Donna*  
*Barbara*, to whom Love would af-  
 ford no rest, being impatient to see  
 and speak with the Father, went  
 her self unto his Chamber, under  
 the Veil of an act of Charity, and  
 to learn what was her Father Con-  
 fessors distemper: Father *Andrew*,  
 who expected not this Honour, was  
 much surpris'd at the sight of her,  
 and after some questions which she  
 made him on the condition of his  
 distemper, the true cause of which  
 he would never tell her, the Lady  
 taking upon her a more serious Air,  
 began to make him a Fraternal Re-  
 monstrancy, that with so little re-  
 gard to his Religious Decorum, he  
 was become the Confident of a mean  
 Pilgrim,



Pilgrim, and had made her also instrumental in the Intrigue, and the Fop of a Woman, that would take no small advantage of it; adding, that the Governour had relented it very much, and would have sent him back to his Convent, had she not oppos'd it, and endeavour'd to excuse him. Father *Andrew*, most humble and contrite, at those Lessons which *Donna Barbara* made him, did return her thanks for all the good Offices which she had rendered him towards the Governour, protesting that he had not acted any thing in all that, but what was in pure zeal of serving his Neighbour, not imagining that there was any evil in it, that otherwise for certain he had not done it; and that for his part, he had rather die, than entertain the least thought of displeasing her. The passionate Lady, who design'd to make her advantage from the Fathers faults, would not be satisfied with his excuses, seeming ve-



ry unwilling to pardon him, without he endeavour'd to gain her favour by some other means: She would first learn from him all that had passed between those two Lovers, the Father, who had not enter'd very far into *Camille's* concerns, did endeavour to satisfy her as well as he could, in giving her a sincere and faithful account of that little which he knew of their Amours. But she was not satisfied with that neither; and she made him divers other questions, to which he answer'd according to his *Memoirs*, which did not extend very far. *You do not believe then*, said the Governess to him, after she had been some time silent, *that it is long since this Pilgrim has been acquainted with the Marchioness, nor that he is much in love with her? As to Love, Madam*, answer'd he, not knowing what interest the Lady had in all these enquiries, *I cannot say but that he does very much love her, but I know*

know that their acquaintance is but new; that they have scarce had one opportunity to discourse one another; and finally, that all their intelligence has yet gone no further, than to a design of delivering the Marchioness out of her Husbands tyrannical jealousy. Donna Barbara took a little courage at Father Andrew's Relation, and as an unresolved person, who had a thousand designs in her head that perplexed her, frequently beginning divers discourses, and suddenly breaking them off, without finishing of any, she at last told him, that she was concern'd for that young man, whom the Marques was resolv'd to ruine; and that the Governour would hardly have power to save him. Father Andrew, who had a real affection for the Pilgrim, was much concern'd at the news, and began to intercede for him to Donna Barbara, telling her, that he was the most honest, civil, and generous Pilgrim in the whole World;

World; that it were a thousand pities to take away his life, and that his death would draw some mischief upon her Family, because it had never been heard that any man that had once vow'd himself to *S. Jago*, had ever been hang'd. *Donna Barbara* being somewhat perswaded with the good Fathers reasons, did promise to concern herself further for him, but yet that she would have the Pilgrim to intreat her to it himself, that he might know to whom he were obliged; so that she would have him go to the Pilgrim, and give him an account of his affairs. That he should be sure to represent the danger he was in yet greater than it was; and that he should insensibly give him to understand, that there was no person, but she, that could save him.

Father *Andrew* having been further instructed in all things, and yet not able to dive into the business, was very well pleas'd however to see

see her so well disposed to serve his dear Pilgrim, knowing well what power she had over the Governours spirit, he return'd her thanks beforehand for the kindness that she shew'd in the behalf of a Stranger, who she would find when, she should know him, worthy of her care. Donna Barbara, who valued not his Complement, did press him to make haste, telling him, that she would stay for his Answer in her Chamber; and he promised her to be within a moment at the Prison: There he found the Pilgrim much dejected and cast down, and embracing him with a great tenderness, *Courage, Sir,* said he, *I hope that you shall not die: That I shall not die,* said Camille, *am I then so near being condemn'd?* No, but I fear, reply'd Father Andrew, *that you may be so, if you have not somebody to sollicite for you; for the Marquess does not only accuse you of having endeavour'd forcibly to take a*  
way

way his wife from him, but that you  
 would have murdered him also :  
 And what proof is there of all this ?  
 reply'd Camille. I know not, said the  
 Father, but I believe that you will be  
 condemned, whatever the proofs may  
 be, if you do not apply your self to  
 the protection of some person of suf-  
 ficient power to save you. Camille,  
 who pitied him to hear him reason  
 so simply, did only tell him, that if  
 he had no body but the Marquess to  
 fear, he did not believe that he  
 stood in want of any persons pro-  
 tection. Father Andrew having once  
 again endeavour'd to represent the  
 danger greater to him than he did  
 imagine it, the Pilgrim ask'd him,  
 where he had learn'd all that : To  
 which he answer'd, from a Lady  
 that had a great power at Court, and  
 good intentions towards him : In a  
 word, that he had it from the Go-  
 vernours Lady. From the Governours  
 Lady! reply'd Camille, well Father,  
 I have so little inclination to be her  
 Debtor,

Debtor, that I had rather die than be obliged to her for my life. And carry her back that answer, continued he, if it is she that has sent you here on that Errand; tell her beside, that death will never come so soon as I desire it. Father Andrew astonished at this high spirit, did endeavour to reclaim him a little, and enquir'd of him, what reason he had to refuse, in the sad condition he was, such marks of affection, as would have fill'd with honour and joy any other person than he? I have nothing further to say to you on that account, said he, and peradventure I have more cause of complaint of the Governours wife, than of returning her thanks; But that is not the business, Go back to her, Father, and tell her, that if I must die, I am resolv'd, but no lowness on my part. Father Andrew, who had not comprehended any thing of the Governesses design, could yet less unravel what reasons the Pilgrim had to flight so much her obliging offers, as

to chuse to die, rather than so much as entreat her. He could not conceive that there was any particular acquaintance between them; and yet he did believe, that the odd way, after which they both acted, was not without some kind of mystery, which did speak something more, than from such persons as did not know one another. His Brains not diving further into this mystery, he left to time to unravel all that Intrigue, and return'd unto *Donna Barbara*, to whom he gave an account of the Commission which she had given him; and if he did not relate to her wholly with what indifferency, or rather with what scorn the Pilgrim had receiv'd the offers of her protection, he however told her enough to make her understand the small esteem he had of her: *what! he will die then*, said she, *with an Emotion which she had much to do to conceal: Tes, Madam,* reply'd the Father, *rather than be obliged*



obliged to any one for his life: Perhaps, Madam, because he does not believe that he deserves death: Ah! cruel! she then cry'd out, not being able to suppress her sighs any longer, it is not that which makes him answer after this manner, but the extreme passion which he has for the Marchioness, and the aversion which he feels for all other women: It is not with you, Father, that I must constrain my self any longer, continued she blushing, and seeing that you already know all the weaknesses of my Soul, therefore it would be useless to conceal this from you: This Pilgrim has some secret Art to Charm women with: Since the first day that I saw him, and that he cast his eyes on me, I have felt for him such things as are not naturally felt for ordinary persons; and whatsoever I have oppos'd against it, to remove him from my mind, I have been daily more and more possessed with it; I know that I do ill, but I have no power



power to resist him, and find that the more my passion should be opposed, the more it would break forth: I will try what time can do; mean time, Father, if you have any consideration for me, you will have pity of the condition I am in, and will endeavour to qualifie in some measure the torment that I endure, for none can do it better than you. Father Andrew overjoy'd at this her confiding in him, which gave him so fair a return upon Donna Barbara, did make her also a gentle and short Remonstrancy, as in duty bound, and did represent to her the consequences of those kind of Ingagements, the sorrow that they are commonly accompanied with, and the publick shame when once they broke forth: All this was deliver'd very mildly, and still with store of howevers, which did sweeten the bitterness of the Remonstrancy, which was none of the severest. And at last finding that there was no hopes of dissuading her that way,

way, (neither had he much mind to do it) he shifted into another discourse, as an Indulgent Director should do, and told her in a languishing and devout tone, That seeing the Spiritual Remedies had no power over her, she was to make use of those that were Natural, and of two evils shun the worst, which was the scandal, in which she must of necessity have fallen, if the Heavens had not inspired her to address herself to a person so discreet as he was, she knowing what zeal he had for her service. *Do but repose yourself on my cares, Madam,* continued he, *and since that the chiefest business is to make you to be beloved, know that I have some secrets as powerful in that point as are the Pilgrims; and that before he sleeps, he shall sigh for you.* That last word made Donna Barbara sigh, who languishingly looking upon the Father Consolator; *How much you promise me in a short time, Father,* said she to him,

him, to do this, he must first forget an Object with which he is too much possess'd, and for which he hath doubtless left his Country, and be mov'd with the like thoughts for me; So great a change, continued she, is not done in one day: No, no! do but make him lose all hopes of ever seeing the Marchioness, and in the pressing danger of his life, as you may represent it to him, make him see how much better it would be for him to turn his affections towards me; for he already knows that I love him, and that it is his own fault if he is not happy. Father Andrew having been sufficiently instructed in all things, to acquit himself of that Imploy, as a zealous and expert Trustee, he promised Donna Barbara not to forget any thing: And so parting each with his particular Idea's, they both went to labour to bring about their design.

The Marques and the Marchioness had pass'd the night as a Husband  
band

band and Wife could do, when they are of so bad intelligence as those two were. The Governour had engaged the jealous Marqueſs, before they had parted, to ſacrifice to his requeſt all the reſentments that he might have againſt his Wife; and had had a promiſe from the Marchionefs, never to have any deſign againſt her Huſbands Honour and Interests. Thus a certain kind of Reconciliation having been made upon this, he had left them both in a paſſable good reſolution of living friendly together. All this was good in the outward appearance, but the inward parts are not ſo ſoon cured; and as the Marqueſs could but very hardly forgive his Wife the reaſonable trick that ſhe would have plaid him, his Wife did not diſpair of finding out ſome other Pilgrims, if this ſhould fail her. Here were two perſons very ſtrangely intention'd, and that might lye long enough together, and yet have no true peace between

between them. Neither was there any thing else all night, but maundings on the Husband's side, and sighs on that of the Wife, which lasted till morning. A pitiful Society! a sad alliance, which is but too often met withal in this wicked age! it is not without cause therefore, that the mode of unmarrying has been found out of late.

The Governour's Wife, who was impatient to speak with the Marquess, had order'd a Page to wait all the Morning at his Chamber-door to tell him, when he were up, that she had something to impart to him. It was very late before he came to her, with a sad and melancholy Countenance, partly through the ill Night which he had passed, and the little reason that he had to be satisfied with Donna Barbara's proceedings, as for her part, expecting no better, she was not surpris'd at it, and without further minding of it, she told him that she knew

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the cause, which he thought he had to be angry with her, but she protested to him, that she did not know any thing of Father *Andrew's* late design, in which her Honour had not been as much concern'd as his, she not being of Quality nor Humour to serve any one in such amorous Intrigues; that she did not only intend to have that insolent Monk punish'd for it, but that she expected that the Marchioness should also make her some acknowledgment thereupon; and driving her resentments further yet, she added, that it was a thing very unworthy a person of Quality, that had married a Marquess, who had been honour'd with so many brave Employes, and descended of one of the prime Families of that Kingdom, to abandon her self in that manner to the love of a Pilgrim, of a Begger, which she had rather follow than her own Husband. Finally, she set her self up in so fine a mode of Invectives,

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that

that the Marques, who did believe her to be angry in earnest, had much to do to appease her. He did ask her a 1000 times pardon for his Wife, acknowledging that she did not deserve to be allyed to a person of such Honour and Quality as she was; that it was his misfortune, and he the more to be pityed: The Conclusion of all this was, that *Donna Barbara* did advise the Marques to convey his Wife to some solitary place, and learn her to be wise. But the Marques, who was tainted with that weakness incident to all jealous Husbands, that cannot part with their Wives, though never so many Reasons to incite them to it, was not at first of her Opinion, and thought it more reasonable to remove the principal Cause of all those Disorders, that Pilgrim, which the Governour could do no less than banish out of the Kingdom, if he would not condemn him to dye; as such Attempts, as that wicked per-



sons were, did deserve. *Donna Barbara*, who was concern'd in all this, did as little approve of the Marquess his Designs, shewing him that besides those forms that were to be observed in doing Justice, which would not permit the Governour to banish a man without being first examined, it were more proper to leave him for some time in Prison, to punish him for his insolency, and that there were besides certain reasons as to the decency and policy of the business, which required some other kind of usage, because that this Banishment would seem less punishment, than a pretence, whereby to be rid of a person which he feared, and of whom he were jealous; and that however it would be an easie matter for this Pilgrim to go into the Kindom of *Valencia*, or in that of *Aragon*, and there cause him the same troubles, as he had done in *Catalonia*.

The Marquess, who was not one of the best head-pieces in the World,

was



was yielding to *Donna Barbara's* reasons; who added this besides, that when the Marchioness should be inform'd of the Pilgrim's Liberty, she would not despair to see him again, and that the surest way, to cure her of that fancy, was to take from her all possible hopes of ever-seeing him more, by removing her from him so soon as possible he could, so that she might never more hear him mentioned. The Marquess being now wholly convinced, did resolve to be gone the very next day, and in order to it, he went to seek the Governour, to inform him of his resolution, who did endeavour to dissuade him from it, but all in vain, for he did not confide much in him neither, by reason of his Indulgency toward the Pilgrim.

*Donna Barbara* was of Opinion, that she had very much advanced her business, in having perswaded this jealous man to leave *Bircelona*, flattering her self with thet thoughts

that the Marchioness, whom she did look upon as the sole Obstacle to her desires, being once distanced from her Lover, she would find it no longer so difficult to be belov'd by him. To wholly deceive her in that Opinion, there needed no more but Father *Andrew*, who after he had but very fruitlessly discoursed the Pilgrim on these Instructions that the Lady had given him, would not quite put her into despair, in informing her of the little esteem that this Lover had for her; for then he would himself have lost those advantages which he did hope to gain by his cares, as also the honour of continuing longer in the Office of the Governesses Confident. He therefore gave her hopes that the Pilgrim would not always prove insensible towards her, that he had found him much altered since those fine things which he had told him concerning her, and that if she would be patient but a little, she should find him,  
if

if not quite so passionate as she deserved, yet at the least very penitent for having slighted her favours, and sufficiently softened to give her satisfaction.

As there is nothing that more easily makes impressions in our minds than those things which please us, and which we desire, Father *Andrew* did not say one word to that passionate Lady which did not give her infinite content, though under doubtful appearances; the good Father, who did discern it in her Eyes, did continually add some new thing unto the amorous Narrative. So that *Donna Barbara*, being impatient to see the effects of Father *Andrew's* rare secrets, did resolve to go in a Disguise to the Prison, to be a Witness unto their Discourses, and to relish the whole pleasure of them.

This proposition did startle the Reverend Father, well knowing that she should hear nothing there, but what would be contrary to those

hopes which he had given her. He oppos'd himself as much as he could to that Design, setting before her the evident danger unto which she should expose her self; which besides would not have a good effect on the Pilgrim's mind, of which she was to manage well the value, if she would be belov'd of him in good earnest; but all those Reasons, and many more which he told her to draw himself out of the Bryars, were not of force to remove her from that design. They were of no value with a Woman, whose Soul was fill'd with fiery transports. *Father, I know, said she, not giving ear to half what he said, all that you can say to me, and I should know what I had to do in this Case, if, in the condition I am, I were capable of some Reflections or Reasons. But when one loves, as I do, nothing but the desires of the heart are hearkened unto; and it would be fruitless to endeavour the dissuading me from it;*  
for

for I can follow no other Counsel; and without any further reasoning on the case, since it is my business, and that you are willing to serve me in it, I desire you to get me in readiness against Night, one of your Novices Garments, and not to trouble your self any further in the business, for though I should but see this Pilgrim, I shall be extremely recompensed for the pains I shall have taken, and the hazard I shall have run. Father Andrew seeing that there was no hopes of making her change her resolution, did promise to perform whatsoever she should desire, though he foresaw the danger that there was for them both in it. But *Fryars* in all businesses have always a back door open to get out at. He went to his Convent, where he soon fitted himself with a Novices Habit, about the Ladies stature, which he had conveyed into the Palace. When the hour was come, *Donna Barbara* fail'd not to go to his Chamber, to

prepare her self for the Masquerade, with as much earnestness as Father *Andrew* was backwards; but he was forc'd to resolve upon it, and for that time to officiate to the Lady, who was not very well acquainted with that *Jacobin*-Equipage in the place of a *Valet de Chambre*; during his Employ he had here and there some little pleasures; and his new Office giving him somewhat more of Liberty than that of a spiritual Director would afford him, he made good use of it; for it is customary with *Monks* to make an advantage of all things, and this, who was a most perfect one, did make pretty good use of his Rights, in putting that Gown and Frock on the *Senno-ra Barbara*, of whom he made the prittiest little *Fryar* that ever was in the *Novitiat*; if all this was without Temptation I shall not tell. Finally, all being ready, they went out of the Chamber, and marched on without noise or light towards the

the red Tower, and with so good fortune as to meet with no person in the Palace that did speak to them. *Camille's* restraint being not so extraordinary strict, Father *Andrew* had leave, through *Donna Barbara's* Order, to see him at what hour he pleas'd; so that it was not difficult for them to get in; they found the Pilgrim lying on his Bed, reading in a Book, a kind of Consolation in his Afflictions. *well, Father,* said he to the Confessor, so soon as he saw him appear, *have you no better News for me, than those which you have brought me hitherto? and shall I have Justice done me, or must I dye in this Prison? I have already told you, Sir,* reply'd he, making him sign that there was a Novice after him, of whom they should be wary, *it lies in you to go out of it, and to be the happiest of all men. Happy! after what manner?* (replied *Camille*, who thought there was no great danger in speaking before a young

young Brother) in imploring the assistance of a Person that is peradventure the sole cause of all my Evil? Of a Woman——Yea! but of such a Woman, interrupted the Father, still making sign, that has a great esteem and affection for you, that knows your worth, and that doubtless deserves that you should consider her not as your Enemy, or the cause of your misfortune, towards which she has never contributed, but as a Lady that concerns her self in your Affairs, and that would inform you what an interest she has in them. I know more on that subject, Father, reply'd the Pilgrim, who did not comprehend to what purpose those signs were made, than you can tell me; and in a word, if you would oblige me, never speak more of her to me. To which Father Andrew, who was in a violent sweat to hear him speak in that manner, reply'd, but this morning, Sir, you were not in this mind, and I found you in my Opinion, more full  
of



of acknowledgments towards a person, that you cannot hate without ingratitude. You deceive your self, Father, reply'd Camille, who was wondring at the Father's Discourse, as much as at his signs, *I am no Changling, and what I tell you now, I did both think and say in the Morning; you know that I love, and though my heart should be capable of perfidiousness, it——* there he made a stop, perceiving that the little Novice, that was drawn nearer them, did look stedfastly in his face, with a Countenance that did amaze him. *Go on, thou cruel one,* said the little Brother to him, *and declare that I should deserve nothing, though I should act all that can be imagined for thee.* Camille, who would never have known Donna Barbara under such a Dress, did fall into the greatest amazement in the World, when he heard her voice. He could scarce believe his own Eyes, examining her from head to foot. *Yes, look,* said

said she, and see what Love makes me do for thee, *maugre* all thy scorns? what I have done hitherto is very inconsiderable, but I come now to conclude my ruin for the most ungrateful of all men. Alas, Madam, reply'd Camille, it is me that you ruin, and that you render miserable. How miserable? speak, reply'd she, canst thou complain but of being too much beloved? is there any person of worth in the world that would say so much of the meanest of Women? thou troublest thy self about my cares, thou thinkest that it would be a shame to thee to be obliged to me for thy life, and preferrest thy Prison to Liberty, only because that it is offer'd thee by me. The passionate and winning manner that the amorous Donna Barbara did use in her reproaches to her Pilgrim, certainly there was no heart but what would be somewhat mov'd at it, and Camille, whose heart was not wholly insensible, was touch'd with compassion, and did  
endea-

endeavour to excuse himself, on the respect which he owed to the Governour, to whom he would not for the world, have given so great a cause of complaint, after the great Civilities which he had received from him. 'The Governour? (replied *Donna Barbara*,) pitiful considerations, and seeing that I pass them by, thou shouldst not scruple to do the same: But rather say, and never seek after specious pretences, that to my grief thou cam'st into these parts, with a heart fill'd with an other Object: That it is the Marchioness that renders useless, and even odious to thee, all my Cares, my Kindnesses, and all things else, that I would do for thee. When thou dost own it to me, I shall do thy Heart justice; but then add to it, that I might have been agreeable to thee, if thou hadst seen me first; and that when ever thou shalt lose all hopes of possessing her,

thou

‘thou wilt remember with what a  
‘Passion I love thee, and give thy  
‘self wholly to me . Other Women  
‘would not be contented with this  
‘small request ; there are but few  
‘that would love thee at that rate :  
‘But I will make thee sensible ,  
‘how far the excess of a real Passion  
‘will extend. *Camille*, had never  
found himself in so great a confu-  
sion : He could not refuse some com-  
plaisances, at least, to a Lady so  
transported with Love, as she was  
for him ; and he had need to qua-  
lifie his disdain, to give her some an-  
swer sutable to her passionate dis-  
courses ; yet, nothing did more con-  
tribute to those kindnesses which he  
expressed to her, as the desire which  
he had to be rid of her, incessantly  
fearing that she should be surpriz’d  
with him, in that disguise and that  
this visit should come to the Gover-  
nour’s knowledge, which would  
make an end of ruining him, he could  
not forbear expressing his sense of  
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it to the Lady, intreating her to have patience, till he had recover'd his liberty, and that then there would be less danger for either of them, and they might have the satisfaction of seeing one another the longer. But she being incapable of any reason, did reproach him all his fears; which she, being wholly taken up with her passion, could not entertain. Yet at last to let him see that she did love him to that excess, as to deprive her self of what was most pleasing to her; which was to see him: She left him, and at her going, she did force from him some kindnesses, which either real, or fictitious, did however extreamly console her.

Father *Andrew*, who had seen this visit concluded for better than he expected; did receive by it, almost as much of satisfaction as *Donna Barbara* had, and did much glory in it, and did congratulate her of her happy success; to which he thought he had not a little contributed.

buted. They both went out of the *Tower* entertaining themselves with the merits and fine qualities of this Pilgrime, which were thought to be such extraordinary ones, that she would needs have him to be some Prince in a disguise; seeing nothing but what was great and extraordinary in all his actions. The good Father, who knew how much it would please her to extend himself upon the Pilgrime's praises; did ever out do her at that sport, and the earnestness they both were in, did so transport them, that without considering they were in the Enemies Territories, they did speak so loud, that any body might hear them. So that being come near to some steps, which were to be ascended: *Donna Barbara*, who knew not so well the way in the dark, as Father *Andrew* did, did bid him lend her his hand to help her up the steps. The Father, who went first, turn'd back; but when he would have

have taken her by the hand, he found it already seiz'd on, and that some body else did do her that Office. Upon this, such a fear did seize on him, as it would have done on many others; that without speaking one word, he stole away into his Chamber, as fast, and with as little noise, as he could: Where I believe he Barricadoed himself up, and, I believe, had but an ill night of it. *Donna Barbara* hearing somebody walk so near them, did softly ask of the Father, who she thought she had by the hand, what that was. But this Father would make no answer, it being the Marquess, who returning from giving the last orders for his depart, was waiting there for his Flambeau, that was blown out, and which was gone to be lighted again. *Donna Barbara*, presaging no good from that silence, did inquire of the pretended Father the reason of it; and was thinking to retire, fearing some surprisal, just as the

the Flambeau appeared; by whose light having perceiv'd, that it was not Father *Andrew* that did hold her by the hand, she made a great out-cry, and presently got away, leaving one of her Gloves behind her, not having had time to discern who it was. But she was perfectly known by the Marquess, who had had leasure to hear her discourse with Father *Andrew*, which gave no small cause of reflection to our jealous, who since the Morning had thought her the most virtuous Wife in all *Spain*: And the Governour the happiest of all men, because he could take his rest in quiet. The dress she was in, did surprize him more than all the rest, he who was a professed Biggot, and who did perceive to what use were put such holy things. He concluded, that Father *Andrew* must of necessity be made one in all those sports, on whom he did already look as on one of *Lucifer's* black Instruments,

sent



sent into the World to corrupt all Woman-kind. He could easily guess, by what he had heard them say that they were newly come from visiting the Pilgrime; and that thought did somewhat comfort him, for in this world there's nothing like having Companions in our afflictions, which makes them not seem so weighty unto us. He had a great itching immediately to give the Governour an account of this adventure; but because he knew him to be extreamly prepossest with a good opinion of his VVife, and that he should have to do with a bold and high spirited Lady; he feared that a Glove might not be sufficient proof, wherewith to persuade the husband, that he was in his predicament, or to convince the Lady of being concern'd in a gallant Intrigue. And that consequently he should but cause some disorder, and draw upon himself all the evil of that intrigue. So that he took

took the resolution of being silent and return'd to his own Apartment, reflecting often within himself, how little Women were to be trusted, and that some did make Horns to others, who had his own House full of them. Upon this he carested his Wife with a better heart, than he had done in a long time; and as he knew that nothing could work a greater effect on the minds of Female kind, than Jealousie would, he could not forbear giving her an account of the pleasant Rencounter which he had had. The Marchioness would have had much to do to have believed it, thinking it some effect of his jealous mind, to make her hate the Pilgrim, if he had not assur'd her, that he had seen them both come out of the Tower; if he had not repeated to her the same Discourses, which had pass'd between Father *Andrew* and the Lady, and finally if he had not shown her the Ladies own Glove, which had  
been

been left in his hands. Of truth, after that last proof she had no more to say, and the sincerity with which she see him speak to her, knowing him perfectly well, did make as great an impression in her mind as all the rest did, so that she began to feel within her self more Hatred for that perfidious man, and more jealousy against her Rival, than she could have thought to have had upon so slender a subject. The Marquess, who, though his Wife was silent, did easily see in her eyes, and perceive by her very silence, that he had compassed his ends, and animated her with almost as much Hatred against Donna Barbara, as he had been against his Wife, he further did inform her, how excellently that fair Lady had acted the Virgious Womans part with him that morning, having shewn very high against her Conduct, even to the giving him such Counsels as he would not follow, which confirm'd  
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the Marchionesses rage against them both, though he would not let her know what those advises were. So that what with Jealousie, and what with Resentments, she was all night in little kind of rages, which would let her take but very little rest, wishing with great impatience for day, that she might be gone, having no other desires left, than to remove from a place, where she could be of no other use than a property to her Rival, to whom that Traytor the Pilgrim had doubtless discovered all their secret Intrigue.

The Marquis, who had not changed his design, though he had found out, that another had as well as his Wife a months mind to the Pilgrim, knowing well, that in all those kind of things, others Examples do rather authorize than deter, was the first rising in the Palace, to have all his Reinue in a readiness to march, and continue his Voyage towards *Madrid*, where he was going.

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The Governour and his Lady did rise also to wait upon them out of Town; but the first thing that *Donna Barbara* did so soon as her Husband went out of the Chamber, was to send after Father *Andrew*, to enquire of him who that man was that affrighted the Father, who was possess'd with the same curiosity, having spent all the Night in a strange restlessness, lest it should be the Governour, was very glad to hear the contrary by *Donna Barbara's* Message. He had no more to say to this point than she had, only that he was certain he had not been seen. *Donna Barbara*, who was not a Woman to be frighted with so small a matter, did trouble her self no further as to what might happen from this business, knowing well how to get out of it, and that she would make that person pass for ridicule, that would accuse her of any such thing; she sent back Father *Andrew* to his Chamber, and took the way

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that led her to the Marchioness, to acquit her self of those Ceremonies used in such cases, not knowing how to dispence her self from them, though she had no great inclination to go. She entered her Chamber with a cold and indifferent Countenance, and found the Marchioness making an end of preparing her self for the Journey, and who afforded her as indifferent a reception; they were both for some time in that humour, not speaking a word to one another, till that Donna Barbara, who thought that she had the only cause of Complaint, did break that silence, and told her, that she was much amaz'd at the reception which she did afford her that morning. The Marchioness did answer her coldly, that there were certain days of Vexation, when a person was very unfit for any thing, and that she would have her to be Judge of it, who appeared not to be in a better humour her self. *I might have hoped how-*

however, Madam, replied the Governess, who was not satisfied with that excuse, that after so much Complaisance as I had for you in the Garden this Evening, which was so favourable to your Designs, you might have afforded me a better reception: But I perceive the business; you would have them that concern themselves for you to be responsible of the ill success that your desires have had. You being the Person, Madam, replied the Marchioness, who did give the first motion to that Masquerade, which you had not invented but for your own diversion; I wonder, that after you had made me the Property in it, you should yet demand of me some acknowledgment. Yes, Madam, reply'd Donna Barbara, with a forced smile, if there had been no more in the case, but you know that if you have been my Property, I have been your Gull. The worse for you, Madam, reply'd the Marchioness. Yes, the worse indeed, reply'd the other, but do you know,



added she, with a little transport, not being able to contain her passion any longer, *that I am very unfit to be employed in such kind of Commerce. I am willing to believe it, Madam,* replied the Marchioness, still with the same coldness, *but it is my Opinion, that no person should be vexed for rendering such Services to others, of which they themselves stand in need. I need such Services!* replied she. *Who knows, Madam,* replied the Marchioness, *you are a Woman as I am, and one cannot——— Ah! one can be as- sur'd,* said she, still fretting more and more, *that if I am a Wife, it is without such weaknesses as dishonour an Husband. It is true,* replied the Marchioness, who could forbear no longer from revenging her self of that Reproach, *that it is very honourable for a Woman to go at midnight to visit Prisoners, such a one too, as upon whose account you would have me di'grac'd, though I had never spoken to him. Prisoners!* replied Donna Barbara



*Barbara*, in an accent very different from the former. *Yes, Madam*, continued the Rival, *Prisoners*, but I must confess that is an act of Charity, which perform'd at such an hour and under a Religious Habit, is of so great a merit before God and Man, that it gives a person a due right of slandering all others. *Donna Barbara*, whose quick and nimble wit had never wanted a repartee to all that was said to her, did remain now strangely confounded, so that she only said that she understood her not. *How! do you not understand me*, replied the Marchioness, who was resolv'd to give it her home, *stay a moment, and I will fetch you a certain thing that shall expound to you more clearly what I say to you, and shall let you see, that it is from good hands that I have it*. She meant the Glove, which she went to seek for in a Closet that was in her Chamber. The Marquess, who had heard all that fine Dialogue, without meddling with the Dispute, em-

ploying himself about something else, was very much pleased that his Wife had given her such a severe repulse, and she had never done any thing in the world that had pleased him so much as to have humbled that Lady, who was the proudest Woman in the World. He could have wish'd, to compleat his joy, that the Governour had been present, who came just in the time that the Marchioness was returning with *Donna Barbara's* Glove. Here, *Madam*, said she, giving it her, judge by that Token whether I am well inform'd of the Adventure. The poor Lady was so cast down with different thoughts, both at the sight of that Glove, and at her Husband's unlucky arrival to make an end of ruining her, that she retir'd, not being able to speak one word more. The Governour, who did see her go so out of Countenance, and with a great flushing all over her Face, which did sufficiently express the disturbance that

that was in her Soul, did inquire of the Marquess, what was the matter with her; he told him that he must enquire of the Marchioness, and the Marchioness said that he must ask the Marquess, thus shifting him from the one to the other, without any other satisfaction. The Governour was not very well contented with this, and he would have gone to seek after his Wife, to know of her what occasion she had to separate her self after that manner from the Marchioness, had they not been on the point of going, he therefore deferred his Information till his return, believing that at the most it could be but some Womans Quarrel, and knowing the humour of his, he did suppose that she might have undertaken to make some Remonstrances to the Marchioness about the Pilgrim, which the other had not taken kindly; and therefore he did not trouble himself any further about it. They all got into the Coaches, and drove on towards

*Saragossa*, through which the Marquess would pass going for *Madrid*. The Governour had had a design to accompany them a Journeys way from *Barcelonna*, but that certain words which the Marchioness had let fall by the way concerning *Donna Barbara* and the Pilgrim, which did bear double sense, did give him more cause to think than was expected, and were the occasion that he return'd home that night. No great store of Discretion can be expected from Women in such cases, and there never was one yet that did spare her Rival, when she could ruine her. *Donna Barbara*, was passing away some very scurv'y particles of time, as may be imagin'd after the late Encounter that she had had with the Marchioness, who doubtless would not forbear, as she imagined, informing the Governour thoroughly of it: So that she was in strange disquiets, till she did see him go along with them, guessing by that that he

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he was not over angry with her; seeing he did not desist accompanying them, as he had design'd it. After this she began to breath and rejoice that she had driven away the Marchioness from *Barcelonna*, and remained in sole possession of her Lover, she presently sent to seek after her most dear Confident, to whom she did relate what had passed between her and the Marchioness. Not conceiving from whom she could have had all that Information, except it were the Marquess that had surpriz'd them at the going out of the *Tower*. Father *Andrew* did fear very much for himself, in case this business should be known, not doubting but the share he had in it, would make him fall heavily under the Governor's Anger, and made to bear the whole Burden. *Donna Barbara* did endeavour to encourage him, telling him that she knew a way how to prevent all the harms which might befall them; that they had two days

to think of it, seeing that the Governour was not to return till the next day, but that the Pilgrim was to be disposed to assent to it, in representing to him the danger that their lives would be in, if they should stay till the Governour returned; and that of necessity they must make their escape that night, and get into *France*, where they should not fear to want for any thing, because she would carry along with her a sufficient quantity of Jewels, to shelter them all from it. Father *Andrew*, who would willingly be always the farthest from blows, did highly approve of this Advice, and he did not believe that the Pilgrim would make any difficulty of following them, seeing that besides his liberty which by that means he did recover, he could not but imagine, that there was much more for him to fear than for them. They therefore did conclude, that without a further delay they would go to him, and inform him

him in what a condition things were, and see whether the proposition would please him. *Donna Barbara* had put up her *Fryars* Habit in one of her Closets, whence they took it out, and the Father was again employed in the same Office as the night before. After which they went to the Pilgrim, who was not a little surpriz'd to see *Donna Barbara* return in the same Disguise at that time o'th' day. He could not forbear from expressing his trouble at it, and she without hearkening unto him, said that she came to inform him of two things, the first of them she doubted not but would very much afflict him, which was that the Marchioness was gone to remain in some uninhabited place, where she was led by her Husband, that she might never more be seen by any body but him. The other was, that before the Ladies departure, she had told the Governour of her going to see him the last night, in a *Fryars* Habit,



as she had learned it of the Marquess, which had met her and Father *Andrew* as they were going out of the *Tower*, from whose hands she had much to do to escape, with leaving one of her Gloves with him, which the Marchioness had shown to the Governour for Confirmation of what she had said ; so that he might easily see what was to be done: That, as for her part, she was fully resolv'd to do whatsoever he pleased, provided that he would take care of his own life, which was that which she held most dear. Though *Camille* had prepared himself in order to his separation from the Marchioness, imagining that they would be gone before he was got out of Prison ; yet the news of it gave him a mortal wound: as to what the Governess said besides, he did not add much Faith to it, and if he could have believ'd it, it had only afflicted him a little for the fear he would have had that the beautiful Marchioness had believed he had

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contributed something towards that Visit, but apprehended nothing at all on the Marquess's account, in reference to his life, of which he was very careless at that time. *Donna Barbara*, who perceived that he continued silent, which made her think that he was thinking of what he should resolve concerning what she had propos'd to him, did press him to give his answer ; it was time to fix upon something, and to prepare for a flight, if he thought fit to save himself from the evil effects of the Governour's Fury, who being a person very sensible of things of that nature, he would be highly exasperated. *Camille*, who did presently perceive which way the Ladies designs did tend, and who had chosen to dye rather than to be troubled with her, did answer her very coldly, that he had acted nothing against the Governour, which might draw his Anger so severely upon him, and that if he had been so unhappy

happy as so to do, however he would not involve her in his Misery, and so render her more guilty than she really was. *Donna Barbara* struck to the heart with so cold an answer, as much as a passionate Woman as she was could be, concealing her cruel rage, did tell him all that the wit of a Woman could invent of most perswading, to engage him to yield to the proposition which she did make him, even in meer pity to her self whom she had lost through the violent passion which she had for him; adding to those tender expressions such Tears and Sighs as did tear some also from Father *Andrew's* Bosom, who did declare of her side, with his eyes full of Tears, to perswade this insensible man to seek after his own liberty, which they did offer him, and to shun that Death which would be inevitable, if he should stay the Governour's return; but the hard-hearted, or rather prudent *Camille*, who was not of so easy

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sie a nature as was the Reverend Father, and that perceived better than he did, on which side lay the greatest danger, did easily defend himself against all those Attempts; of which *Donna Barbara* being sensible, did then endeavour to make him apprehend all that a passionate and despised Woman could imagine of most cruel and wicked, to ruine him with, and finding that all those threatnings did not move him neither, in that height of passion she drew from under her *Fryars Gown* a *Stillete*, with a design to plunge it into her own Bosom, if the Pilgrim had not been nimble in staying of her Arm, and after that he had much to do to force that Weapon out of her hands. Father *Andrew*, who had been strangely affrighted at the Attempt, was on his Knees, intreating the transported Lady not to kill her self, and the Pilgrim to have Compassion of her, who at last was mov'd, not at his Request, nor at her furious Rage, which

which had rather exasperated him, seeing that all this did tend to make him miserable, but unto those Considerations which he had, that to shun one evil he should create to himself divers others, if he should drive that Woman into a despair: Therefore to reclaim her a little, he intreated her to deliver up that Dagger to him, and that he would do all that she should desire. She did not part with it but on that condition, and breathing a little, *Ungrateful*, said she, *that stays till I cause my own death, before thou would'st grant me my life. I know not, Madam, whether the way that we are going to take, will not bring you sooner to your end, than the abiding here. No certainly,* answer'd she, *for the Governour being not in Town, I have the means to draw you from hence without the least danger; at the Port there are some Fellousca's in readiness to carry us to France, and I take with me that which shall secure you from want and misery,*

except you reckon it a misery to have in your Company a Woman that loves you with such a passion as I do. Camille did make her no Answer, to give her leave to think all that she pleased, his design being to get out of Prison, since it was to be so, whether he would or no, to shun greater evils, and not to humour the Amorous Capricios of a Woman, for whom he had never had the least inclination. However, things were ordered as if he had resolv'd to content her; and the Lady was so transported with joy at it, that she already thought her self out of *Barcelonna* with her dear Gallant. The Governess and the good Father *Andrew* took leave of the Pilgrim to go order their businesses, and prepare for their departure, which was to be at eleven at Night. The Father had all the outward Commissions in his charge, which were to hire the *Felouca*, to buy in Provisions, and all other things necessary for a Voyage. And  
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the Lady took upon her the care of the inward business, and to prevent all obstruction of their flight: Finally, all things having been well regulated on her part, and Father *Andrew* having taken such care as nothing should be wanting on his side, when the hour was come they went to the *Tower*, where the Lady entered, being wholly transported with joy, and running immediately into her dear Pilgrim's Chamber, *Come, you must rise*, said she, seeing him lye upon the Bed with the Curtains drawn, *for it is time to be going, and we are Masters as well of the Prison as of the Palace*; and finding that he neither answer'd nor mov'd, she believ'd that he was asleep, therefore she drew open the Curtains to pull and awaken him, but when she perceiv'd the Governor, who arose, it did set her on a sudden into such an amazement as may be imagined; which did so surprise her, that after she had made  
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an extream out-cry, which affrighted Father *Andrew*, who thought as little as she did, to find the Governour there, she fell down backwards in a Swoun. This Lord, more careful of his Honour than of his Wife, whose humour he had known long, and fearing more the divulging of the businels, than the effects thereof, having well conceived by all that the Marchioness had told him, that some things were acted within his doors, which did not go well, he had thought that it would not be prudence in him to lye from home: He had been witness of the good-will which his Wife had express'd for the Pilgrim, and making good use of the Marchionesses advice, had in a handsom manner taken leave of the Marquess, not shewing them the least sign of disturbance, and was return'd to *Barcelonna* on a full gallop, where he came in the dark, judging that if there was any business in hand, his Wife would take the opportunity of his



his absence. Wise-men have always some fore-sights of the mischief that may befall them, and there are many in the World that would not have such weights upon their Fore-heads, if they were as well inspired as he was. Our Governour therefore being come into the City, had quitted his Horse at the *Arcenal*, where having left his people also, he took one of his Servant's Cloaks, went into the Palace, and from thence into the *Tower*, without being known by any body. There he spoke with him that had the Pilgrim in charge, who being none of *Donna Barbara's* Intelligence, did confess that he had let Father *Andrew* come to the Prisoner by the Lady Governesses Orders, who the first time had come to see him singly, but afterwards accompanied with a little *Fryar* of the same Order, and that the last night they had been long together. There needed no more for a man of understanding, as was the Governour, to unravel this Myste-



Mystery, and to guess who had been Father *Andrew's* Companion in that Visit, who was not us'd to go accompanied in the Palace, and who had less occasion to do so in going to visit that Prisoner. He needed no further insight in the business. He sent the Goaler to the Port to hire a *Felouca*, who a moment after return'd to tell him, that there was but one, who had been retain'd by a *Fryar* of *S. Dominick's* Order, who was to be gone that Night at eleven. This news did almost distract him, not doubting any longer but that his Wife was resolv'd to be gone with this Pilgrim, or at least to help him to escape. The *Spanish Flemme*, who did abound in him, did at last gain the upper hand over divers desperate resolutions which he had taken, and which he had been upon the very point of executing upon his own Lady, rather than against an unfortunate stranger, who was not to be responsible of his Wifes follies, he took

took the resolutions therefore to break their measures without noise, and to oblige *Donna Barbara* to become wise by reason. He sent the Goaler to the Pilgrim to get him out of Prison, and conduct him to that *Felouca*, which *Father Andrew* had hired, with express Orders from himself unto the Watermen to be gone immediately, on pain of Imprisonment ; and a Charge to the Pilgrim, of never returning to *Barcelonna*, on pain of Death. This was accordingly executed, with the greater satisfaction to *Camille*, who had no business in that City, and who was happily going out of Prison, and quitted of that cruel torment, in which he should have been with the Governess.

The Goaler having acquitted himself of all his Commissions, the Governour had laid himself in the Pilgrim's place, charging the Goaler, not to tell of his being out of Pri-

Prison, and to let any one in, that came to see him; thus had the Governour carryed on the business; his Wifes accident did somewhat mitigate his wrath, and made him lose the opportunity of seizing Father *Andrew*, who he had resolv'd should have been kept in Prison for some time, in recompence of all the good and pious Offices which he had rendered to his Wife, none deserving it better than he had done. But in a Retreat, Father *Andrew* was always one of the first, setting all his safety in his heels; so that he was already gone far, when the Governour was thinking to detain him. There was no more to do, but to take care of the Lady, who he was forced to lead himself into her Appartment, after she was a little recovered of her Swoun. How that breach was made up, I know not; for my Memoires fail me there, but it is probable that the Governour's Relentments

ments lasted no longer than did his Ladies Passion, who was not long before she was engaged in a new Gallantry with a Cavalier, less cruel than our Pilgrim.



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